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EVERYCHILD'S SERIES

Camp and Trail in Early American History

Being Stories of Treasure Seekers, Home
Makers, Empire Builders, Indian
Fighters, and Liberty Seekers
in the New World

By

Marguerite Stockman Dickson

Author of "American History for
Grammar Schools"

Illustrated by A. P. Linson

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To

MY LITTLE FRIENDS IN THE HISTORIC CITY
OF PHILADELPHIA
MARGARET AND ELEANOR
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PREFACE

HISTORY STORIES, for either home or school use, may serve a double purpose. They may be for children who have not yet begun to study history a spur to interest in the past; or they may furnish detail for the older children whose textbooks of necessity are lacking in this respect.

The stories in this book have been selected as types of movements in early American history. The attempt has not been made to give the children many facts, nor to teach the facts that are presented. Rather are we presenting a series of pictures, as a sort of historical background upon which later historical personages may figure.

Let the children read each story as a story merely to be enjoyed but not worked over. Let them admire our heroes, not especially as historical personages, but as men.

CHARLOTTE, NORTH CAROLINA,
December, 1914.



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Camp and Trail in Early American History

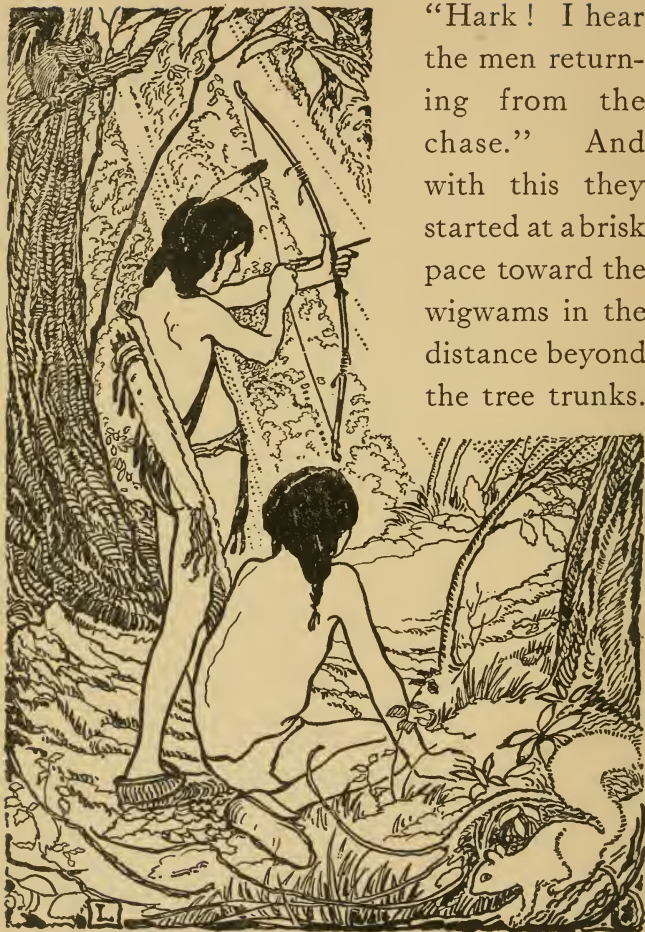
THE FIRST AMERICANS

LONG ago, on a bright afternoon in the late autumn, two boys played near the bank of a softly murmuring brook in the gayly colored forest. The golden sunlight cast its flickering shadows down through the leaves. A chill in the air told of coming frost and snow.

The boys were slender and straight, and their eyes were bright and keen. They were shooting at a target with bow and arrow.

Twang! went an arrow to the very heart of the target. "I would it were the red deer!" called Red Cloud proudly. "I shall be a mighty hunter."

"And I shall go on the warpath against the Iroquois," answered his friend, Eagle's Wing.



“Hark! I hear the men returning from the chase.” And with this they started at a brisk pace toward the wigwams in the distance beyond the tree trunks.

As you have already guessed, these were Indian boys, living the wild free life that the red men lived in the early days. The people of Europe knew nothing of these red-skinned Americans, and they, on the other hand, had no knowledge of the fair-haired people across the sea.

There was excitement enough in the Indian village when the boys reached it. The hunters had indeed returned, laden with heavy burdens of game. The squaws were already caring for the skins and cooking great pieces of juicy meat at the open-air fires. The warriors rested, lounging near the campfires, and exchanging stories of their days in the woods. The children ran about, eager to see the game, to hear the stories, and longing for the days when they too might go a-hunting.

That night the braves gathered for a great feast. The hunting season was at its height. Great stores of dried meat and fish were being made ready for the winter. All were joyous, and they feasted merrily.

Long the painted, feather-decked warriors lingered over the roasted venison and wild turkey. But at length, when they had eaten



“The whole village drew near a great campfire, around which the warriors sat in a circle, smoking, and telling stories.”

their fill, the whole village drew near a great campfire, around which the warriors sat in a circle, smoking, and telling stories. They told wonderful tales of great spirits, of charms and magic.

The children listened eagerly. Red Cloud and Eagle's Wing pressed close to the circle, longing, always longing for the day when they should join the warriors around the campfire, in the chase, and on the warpath.

Hark! an old man had just begun his story.

"I shall tell you, my children," said the old man slowly, looking around the great circle, "the story of the magic firebird, which brought to man the fire which is our greatest comfort, in the wigwam, and here where we gather at the close of the day.

"Long ago, as you must know, men lived without fire. Then they were often cold in the bitter winds of winter. Then they had no cooked food, as we have to-day. But, knowing nothing of what fire could do for them, they lived content.

"One day a strange and beautiful bird was seen hovering over a village. All came out from the wigwams to see the wonderful

creature. It drew nearer and nearer. At last it spoke: 'I have come from a beautiful country far, far away,' it said, 'bringing you a gift. The strange brightness you see about my tail is fire. With it you can do many wonderful things.'

"The people started forward. 'Wait, my children,' said the bird softly. 'Only a good man or woman can pluck the fire from my tail. The gift was not meant for the unkind or the selfish.'

"The people stood silent for a moment, but soon a sturdy warrior stepped forward with a bit of wood, that he might light it at the fire flashing about the bird's tail. The fire scorched his hand, and he drew back.

"'You think only of yourself,' said the bird sadly. 'The fire is not for you.'

"Another man reached out, but he too was scorched, and fell back. 'You cheat your neighbor,' said the bird. 'It is not for you.' And another and another tried, but no one could secure the gift. The people

were sad, and the bird was sad too. 'Must I carry away my gift?' it said. 'Is there no one in your village who is good and true?'

"Just then a woman called softly from a nearby wigwam. 'Oh, beautiful bird, I cannot come to try for the gift. A sick child is here. I cannot leave him. But if he might have the fire near him, perhaps it would make him well.'

"What have you done that is great and good, that you should ask for the gift?' said the bird. 'I have done nothing but my duty, I know,' answered the woman, 'so I do not ask it for myself. But the child, O beautiful firebird! He needs it. Will you not give it to him?'

"Here,' said the bird joyfully, 'here at last I have found an unselfish person. Take it, good woman! The fire is yours.' And she flew near while the woman lighted her bit of wood. And so it was that fire came to men."

There was great applause when the aged

story teller finished his tale; and other stories followed from this one and that one about the campfire. Then came the beat of drum and rattle calling to the dance. Stepping lightly, the dancers moved softly and slowly in and out among the trees. Then the steps grew faster. The dancers whirled and spun, they leaped, they ran. Wider grew the circle and wider. Faster leaped the dancers and faster, until at last they dropped back breathless into their places by the fire. And around the circle arose the clamor of laughter and applause.

Next day the warriors remained quietly in the village, chipping stones into shape for arrowheads, mending and making weapons, or lying about lazily smoking, with many jokes and much laughter. You may be sure Red Cloud and Eagle's Wing were not far away. They chipped away gravely at flints for their own arrow heads, watching, listening, and overjoyed when one of the warriors chanced to notice them.

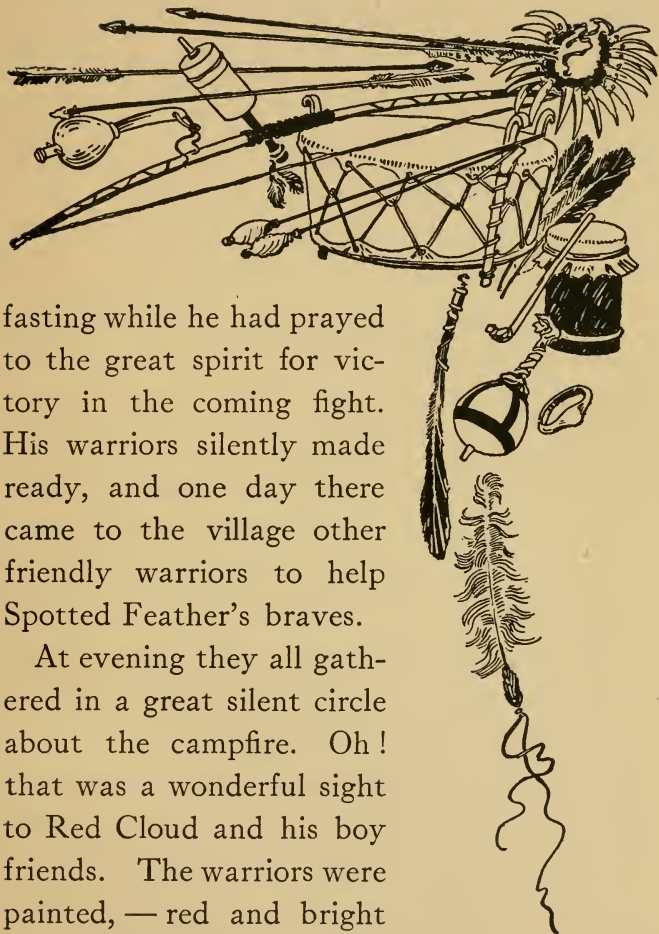
Red Cloud's father was "sachem" or chief of his tribe, and Red Cloud hoped some day to be sachem in his father's place. But he knew that he must be brave and strong, cunning and tireless, to be chief after the great Spotted Feather, his father. So he welcomed every chance to listen even to the jokes and careless chatter of the braves. Some day he would be like them — like his father. There was no one like his father, Red Cloud thought.

Now Red Cloud was nearly old enough to begin to do a man's work, for Indian boys put away their play when they were still young boys, and were men doing a man's work at an age when our boys are still in the schoolroom. So his father now sometimes took him on hunting trips, or taught him how to spear fish in the rivers, or trap turkeys in the forest. He was learning, learning, every day. So was his friend, Eagle's Wing. And the two walked more proudly as they thought of the swiftly coming days.

When the biting winds of winter came, the wigwams of the village were moved from the open country by the river to the most sheltered spot the tribe could find back in some wooded valley. Here the short winter days were passed, the families huddling around the fires in the wigwams, living on their dried and smoked meats and fish, and the squashes and beans and corn the women had planted and harvested in the summer time.

Spring seemed long in coming, but it did come at last, and the hunters went joyfully forth in quest of fresh food, while the women planted and tended the little garden patches.

It was still early in the spring time when there came trouble between Spotted Feather's tribe and a neighboring one. There was often war between them, for both desired the same hunting ground. Spotted Feather grew silent and watchful. He was absent in the forest days at a time, and once he came back thin and pale from



fasting while he had prayed to the great spirit for victory in the coming fight. His warriors silently made ready, and one day there came to the village other friendly warriors to help Spotted Feather's braves.

At evening they all gathered in a great silent circle about the campfire. Oh! that was a wonderful sight to Red Cloud and his boy friends. The warriors were painted, — red and bright blue, black, and white. They wore their

finest ornaments of feathers, bone, and copper, with strings and belts of wampum beads. High crests of feathers showed which were the chiefs. Spotted Feather wore a brilliantly colored feather mantle. From his belt hung many scalp locks, the scalps of enemies he had killed in battle.

Silently the boys brought food to these wonderful warriors, and silently the warriors ate. Then they lighted their pipes, and still silent, smoked and smoked. At last Spotted Feather broke the silence. Looking slowly around the great circle, first at his own braves, and then at his guests and allies, he spoke.

He told them of the many many insults they had borne from their long hated foe. He called upon them now to avenge the wrongs they had suffered. The warriors listened gravely, but when the sachem paused a great shout arose. They would follow Spotted Feather on the warpath that very night.

Then they scattered, some to pile high the already blazing fire until the flames leaped toward the treetops; some to set up a great post or pole for the center of the dance. Squaws and boys brought forth the drums. The dance began. Round and round went the shouting warriors, whirling, leaping, wild with the war spirit. Sometimes the dance would stop while one chief or another, striking the post for silence, would tell from the center of the circle of his own and his fathers' brave deeds. Then with redoubled tumult the mad whirling dance would go on.

All night the red flames of the campfire lighted up the strange scene. But when the first light of the dawn streaked the eastern sky, the warriors grew silent once more. The gorgeous ornaments were laid aside. The last preparations were made; and the warriors, hideously painted and with bow and tomahawk ready, stole silently away in a long line into the deep forest.

Red Cloud and Eagle's Wing watched them go, scarcely knowing whether to be glad or sorry that they might not yet share in the awful work of killing and scalping the foe.

Days of anxious waiting followed, in which the old men, the women, and the boys and girls went about their usual tasks, but with strange feelings, of pride in their warriors mingled with fears lest they be conquered and return no more. And then one evening, just at dusk, they came. Hearts beat fast as the procession wound its way into the village. Red Cloud looked anxiously at the painted warriors. Yes, his father was there, with bloody scalps hanging from his belt. And there were many captives.

That night again there was feasting in the village — feasting, and smoking, and the dance of victory! During the feasting and the dance, the captives stood proud and silent, tied to near-by tree trunks. They too had been conquerors, and had gloried in

the downfall of their enemies. Now it was their pride to show no fear, no flinching.

The time of torture came. They must "run the gantlet," — a long, double line of the old men, women, and children of the village, armed with any sort of club they could seize. Through the lane they formed the captives were driven, with blows raining on them from every side. But not a murmur from the captives, though it was double shame to be beaten by the weak ones of the enemy.

But worse was coming. Tied once more, fires were kindled around them, and while the flames tortured their limbs, they were beaten, pinched, or shot with arrows, making every dying breath a torment and a pain. Yet they could sing a death song as they died, — bravely, as they had lived.

Red Cloud had borne his part in all this. He had served the warriors at the feast, drummed for the dance, had even shot arrows at the dying prisoners as they burned.

The last had made him shrink a little. But he knew that warriors must not shrink at such work. And after the first three or four, the dying men seemed only as targets to the boy.

And so life went on in the Indian village. We must not think of it as always filled with war and fighting. There were many "moons" when the red men lived at peace. They made arrows and with them hunted the wild things of the forest. They built their bark canoes and in them fished from river and lake. They told the old stories of the fathers, and they taught the growing boys and girls the lessons of life they must learn.

I might tell you how Red Cloud one day came to be sachem in his father's place. But I could tell you nothing new or different about the life in Red Cloud's day. For long, long years the red men lived as their forefathers had lived before them, — a life as wild and free as the beasts lived in the forests.



“They made arrows and with them hunted the wild things in the forest.”

And so they lived when the white men came and found them in the woods and on the plains of the New World. But when that day came, a new story begins, — the white man's story. We must hear that another day.



THE FAIR GOD OF MEXICO

FAR to the south of the forests where Red Cloud's people had their homes, lay the beautiful land of Mexico. There in a high valley circled by snow-capped mountains, sparkled the waters of Tezcoco Lake. And on a group of islands in this lake had been built a city. Strangest of all, it was an Indian city, and a more beautiful place has seldom been seen.

The Aztec Indians knew many things of

which northern Indians were ignorant. They built houses and roads and bridges. Their weavers made delicate and beautiful fabrics from cotton. Their gold and silver smiths produced exquisite ornaments. Other workers made wonderful garments of the finest feather work, and still others cut and polished precious stones. In their city were palaces and temples, hospitals, and a huge market place. Their houses were built about green flower-decked courtyards, and their lake city was crossed by well-built canals, which served, as in Venice, for streets.

All these things sound like one of our cities to-day. And yet, in many ways the Aztecs were far from being like our city dwellers. They had no written language save picture writing. Their soldiers fought with bow and arrow, or with strange clubs set with razor-like blades of sharp stone. Their only lights were fires or torches. And especially in their religion were these Mexican Indians unlike civilized people to-day. For the inhabit-

ants of this beautiful city killed men or even children as offerings to their gods. And worse than that, they cooked and ate the flesh of their victims.

The story I have to tell you is about the lake city of the Aztecs, and the sad end of the Aztec kingdom.

We can scarcely imagine the wonder among the people of Europe when Spanish ships sailed across the "Sea of Darkness" and found beautiful islands and strange copper-colored men. The old fear of the ocean began to disappear, and many Spanish gentlemen, young and old, set out to the new lands to seek their fortunes.



And so it happened that about twelve years after the discovery, young Fernando Cortes landed in the Spanish colony of Hispaniola. He was a gay young adventurer, who looked eagerly for a chance to find the treasure he had come to seek. And at last that chance came. A ship sent

out from Cuba, where Cortes was then living, returned with stories of great cities, a mighty king, and untold treasure, not far away to the westward; and Cortes, at this time thirty-four years old, was chosen to lead an expedition to find out more about these things.

With eleven vessels, several hundred soldiers, cannon, and a few horses, Cortes set out. He was to trade Spanish beads and trinkets for Indian gold, and he set about the task with a joyful heart.

Scarcely had the adventurers landed upon the mainland, when they began to hear of the great monarch whose fame and reputed wealth had brought them to that shore. And indeed, with equal promptness, Montezuma, the Aztec king or war chief, heard of the fair-skinned strangers who had landed on the eastern shore of his dominion.

This news, brought to Montezuma by swift runners from the coast, filled the chief with wonder and doubt. The Aztecs knew no fair-skinned nations, but they had long

ago worshipped a fair god. There were many stories of this god, who had once dwelt among the people in the lake city. But the Aztecs had displeased him, and he had gone away. The stories told how he had embarked from the eastern shore of the country on a raft of serpents' skins, and had drifted out of sight. But the fair god would some day return, the stories said, — would return to take back his kingdom, and to punish the people who had done him wrong.

And now, on that very eastern shore, strange tower-like ships with wings had landed white-skinned strangers, clad in shining garments, and with commanding, even god-like voices and ways. What wonder that Montezuma's heart was troubled, and he knew not what to do !

Sadly he called his counsellors about him, and the wise men from far-off places in his kingdom. They could tell him nothing. Some of his chiefs said boldly, "These are no gods, but only men. Let us hasten to

destroy them." And Montezuma was for a moment half persuaded they were right. But no ! who ever heard of white-faced men ? It was the fair god, returning with his train. And could men hope to fight against gods ? So Montezuma wavered.

Meanwhile Cortes was advancing, and he must be met, either as friend or foe. Montezuma tried the plan of sending rich gifts to the strangers, but with messages desiring them to come no nearer to the city. Cortes accepted graciously the golden ornaments and the gorgeous mantles Montezuma had sent, but politely begged the privilege of visiting the city on the lake. Montezuma returned a polite intimation that it would be impossible to receive him there. Cortes pressed the question again, only to be forbidden to advance by the now distracted king, who saw no hope for his kingdom if the strangers could not be held back.

Cortes, however, paid no attention to Montezuma's message. He was getting

acquainted with the Indians near his camp, and was learning every day that not all of Montezuma's subjects loved their chief. More than thirty tribes paid tribute to the Aztecs, and many of these tribes hated as well as feared their masters. Cortes made friends with these dissatisfied tribes, making himself strong for the conquest he meant to undertake.

He founded a settlement on the coast, and when some of his followers demanded that he abandon his plans for conquest and return to Cuba, Cortes settled the question by destroying the ships, after which nothing was left but to remain. Then he called upon his men to follow him, "for the glory of God, and the honor of Spain," and so persuasive were his words that all forgot their discontent, and wildly shouted, "To Mexico ! to Mexico !"

The march lay first across the tropical plain, where feathery palms waved above brightly glowing flowers ; then up the slope of the mountains which shut off the high

valley from the sea. Palms changed to oaks, and oaks to pines, while far above towered the snowy fire-crowned peak of Orizaba. Higher and still higher they went, through a wild, rough, frozen country, and then down through a mountain pass into a wide green valley with corn fields and gardens.

The march led sometimes through friendly territory, and sometimes the way was blocked by fighting warriors. The Spaniards fought fiercely against the Tlascalans in their walled stronghold. These were enemies of the Aztecs, with whom they had held many fierce battles. Now they fought with all their might against the Spaniards. Bravely they rushed against their armored foe, and even the roaring cannon did not daunt them. On and on they came in hordes. But at last they wavered and terror seized them, when the fifteen horsemen of Cortes charged down upon them. What strange two-headed monsters were these? Surely these must

be gods ! And with their wavering, the Spaniards rushed in and won the day.

Once conquered, the Tlascalans made friends with Cortes, and many of their warriors joined him in his march toward Montezuma's city. At last he was within sight of the lake and the white towers of the town. All the requests of Montezuma had been of no use. And the unhappy chief went out to meet his unwelcome guest.

The city could be reached only by three causeways or raised roads across the waters of the lake. Along one of these roads came the Spaniards in fine array, while Montezuma and his nobles came to the outskirts of the city to meet them. Very careful was the Aztec war chief to do honor to the fair stranger. He hated him, but he feared him also. So Cortes and his men were comfortably housed, well fed, and gifts were showered upon them.

When Cortes desired to visit the marketplace and the great temple, Montezuma

courteously agreed. In the market-place Cortes found much of interest, but the sights of the temple filled him with horror. The great pyramid was built in terraces, with many steps, so arranged that after ascending from one terrace to the next priests and worshippers must go all the way about the building before reaching the next flight. Nearly a mile must be traversed to reach the topmost platform. There stood a great block of jasper, — the stone of sacrifice, — dripping with human blood. Near by were the altars and the idols — great grinning stone figures, the god of evil and the god of war. From their lips also dripped blood, and before them on golden trays lay the sacrifice. Truly it was an awful sight, and we cannot wonder that Cortes longed to throw down the idols and cleanse the dreadful place. But he knew the time was not come.

The days passed, and Montezuma still watched, and wondered, and doubted. Gods or men? And while he wondered, Cortes

was planning, plotting how he should secure the safety of his men, surrounded as they were by thousands of Indians who might any day turn against them; how he should gain and profit by the friendship of the discontented ones in Montezuma's territory; and most of all how he should obtain possession of Montezuma's treasure and destroy his power.

The plan which Cortes finally decided upon was a bold one. We almost wonder that even Cortes should have dared such a thing. It was no less than to take Montezuma prisoner. It seems impossible that he should have succeeded in this, with thousands of Aztec warriors without the walls of Montezuma's palace. But Montezuma, once brave and warlike, had watched and wondered and doubted too long. He no longer possessed the will to resist. His proud spirit was broken. So when Cortes demanded, Montezuma went, and more than that, rebuked his impatient warriors who

would have beaten down the Spaniards and rescued their chief.

The more the Aztec people saw of the Spaniards, the less they believed them to be gods; and when they saw their king imprisoned they longed to destroy the strangers and restore him to his throne. But they might not make war except by the chief's command. That was the Aztec law. And Montezuma would not order them to fight. The warriors were filled with wonder at the chief's strange silence. They knew not what to do. But they obeyed the law.

All winter Montezuma remained with the Spaniards, and his people waited for him to speak. Then Cortes was called suddenly back to his little settlement at Vera Cruz. And while he was gone, Alvarado, his lieutenant, brought trouble upon himself and the hundred and fifty men Cortes had left with him. The Aztecs were celebrating their great spring festival when Alvarado ordered an attack upon them, and many were killed.

The Aztecs were wild with rage, and when Cortes hastily returned with the remainder of his men he found Alvarado and his soldiers besieged in their palace, the great market closed, the streets empty, and only sullen angry looks were turned upon him by the few Indians he saw.

Montezuma sat sad and silent, as he always sat now. Cortes demanded that the chief order the market-place to open. "You forget I am a prisoner," returned the chief. "If you wish the market opened and the people quieted, you must send a chief of my household to them. And I and all my chiefs are here."

Cortes then sent Montezuma's brother out to the people. That was a great mistake for Cortes to make. For the chief's brother called together the council, they made him chief in Montezuma's stead, and next morning a howling, raging horde of warriors surrounded the Spanish quarters, pouring down arrows and stones from neighboring roofs into the courtyard. At last the battle was begun!



For six days it raged. Once Cortes caused Montezuma to ascend to the roof and to order his people to cease the fight. But they would not listen to him. They hooted and jeered and called

him coward. They even threw stones at him, before whom once they had bowed to the very dust. He bowed his head before them. His shame was complete. A stone struck him, and he fell. The battle raged on.

The great temple was the scene of terrible fighting. Cortes with three hundred picked men and many Tlascalan warriors fought his way up the stairways, around the terraces, the whole long distance to the top, where for three hours Spaniard and Aztec struggled for the victory. And when at last victory lay with the Spaniards, five hundred Aztecs had given their lives for their war god, and not an Indian warrior was left there alive.

And still day after day the fighting went on. Cortes knew that he must get his men out of the city if their lives were to be saved. So on the sixth night he made an attempt to get away, under cover of the darkness. But the flight was discovered, and every inch of the way over the long causeway was furiously fought. Horses, cannon, baggage,

treasure, were all left behind. The dawn following this "Sorrowful Night" found only a sad and broken few, at sight of whom even the iron-hearted Cortes could but weep.

It would seem that now Cortes must have given up all thought of conquering the lake city. But no! retreating to Tlascala, he rested, and then with all his old determination began anew his conquest of Mexico. Montezuma was dead, but Montezuma's country should be his. Another spring saw him return to the attack, with thousands of Indian allies, with newly arrived Spanish soldiers, cannon, and horses.

Once more day after day the battle raged. As always in their fighting, the Aztecs tried to capture the Spaniards alive, that they might sacrifice them to their terrible gods. And the Spaniards fought harder as they thought of the awful processions winding around the lofty pyramid with white-faced victims led to the dreadful stone above.

For months the fight went on, but at last

the proud Aztecs were humbled. Many, many were dead. The city lay in ruins. Cortes was the conqueror. Mexico became a Spanish town. The terrible temples were torn down, and Christian churches took their place. This was better for Mexico, better for the world. And yet, we cannot forget the sad figure of Montezuma, conquered by the "fair god" that he saw in his dreams.



IN QUEST OF ETERNAL YOUTH

AWAY to the east of the mainland of North America lie the islands to which Columbus first led the ships of Spain. Here the Spaniards had begun their search for gold, and the harsh and cruel treatment of the Indians for which Spanish conquerors in the New World have been justly infamous.

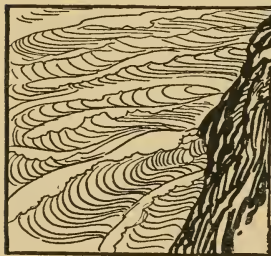
The beautiful islands, with their warm and delightful climate, their tropical fruits, and their cool sea breezes, had long been the homes of gentle and trustful natives, who gladly welcomed the strange men in the white-winged ships. But the Spaniards did

not long deserve this trust. Greed for gold seems to have killed all kindness from their hearts, and they made miserable slaves of the once happy, care-free natives. Cruel Spanish governors were placed over them, who drove them to dig in the mines, where their unaccustomed and unceasing toil soon brought them to final rest in death. Thousands of lives were thus wasted in the treasure search.

The larger islands, Cuba and Haiti, were the first scenes of Spanish conquest. Ovando, an early governor of Haiti, is called "a human monster" for his cruel deeds. The Indians of eastern Haiti were aroused by the treatment accorded to their neighbors, and when they in turn came under the cruel rule of the Spaniards, resisted their oppressions. A long and bloody campaign followed before these Indians were subdued. Among the Spaniards who fought here was Ponce de Leon, a companion of Columbus on his second voyage and a veteran soldier. When

the conquest was complete, Ponce de Leon was left by Ovando to govern the unhappy red men.

But in these days of adventure and treasure seeking, "the lion"—for that is the meaning of de Leon's name—chafed at the dull life he was now leading. He



stood on the headlands of Santo Domingo, and looked eastward toward the misty blue mountains dimly seen against

the bluer sky. He longed to feel the roll of waves against a good ship's timbers, and the whistle of the wind through sail and shroud.

He remembered those misty mountains, on the outward voyage from Spain. Columbus had stopped beneath their shadow to find water for his ships. Ponce de Leon could well recall the beauty of the harbor, with green-clad mountains rising in the background and gorgeous plants and flowers nearer shore. "Puerto Rico," Columbus had named it, — "the rich port."

When Indians came across in their dugout canoes from Puerto Rico, de Leon eagerly questioned them about their country. The unsuspecting natives, little dreaming of the sad fate in store for them and their tribes, told of gold in the mountains and in the beds of streams.

It was enough. Ponce de Leon must seek these golden shores. Ovando's consent gained, the short voyage of ninety miles was

soon accomplished, and de Leon stood again, after sixteen years, at Aguadilla, the "watering place" of Columbus's ships. Nothing was changed. The same forest-clad mountains stood like cool green walls, back from the shore. There were the same beautiful trees and flowers, the same Indian village, whose hospitable people received the Spaniards with kindly greetings.

In Puerto Rico was enacted again the sad story of greed and cruelty, of treachery and war. A Spanish city was founded on the north shore of the island, mountains and river beds were searched for gold, and great bands of Indians were set to working the newly dug mines. At first the Indians believed, as the Aztecs had believed, that the Spaniards were immortal, and that it was useless to resist. But a shrewd chief resolved to learn whether a Spaniard could not suffer death. He ordered two of his followers to seize a Spaniard as they were crossing a river together, and to hold the suspected immortal

under water for a while. Then bearing the Spaniard's body, now limp and unresisting, to the bank, they sat down beside it, watching until they could not longer doubt the man was dead.

The news spread like wildfire, and a great band of outraged Indians gathered to attack the Spanish town. The Spaniards, however, in steel armor, and with their death-dealing guns, won an easy victory, and some of the Indians fled to the mountains, while the rest sadly bowed to their fate as slaves.

Ponce de Leon was now governor of Puerto Rico, and he settled down as he had done in Santo Domingo, to the tasks of his office. He built the city of San Juan on a small coral island close in shore. This became the seat of government, and here was built Ponce de Leon's "White Castle" (Casa Blanca), standing high to overlook the sea.

The governor was no longer young. He could look back over an eventful life, in which he had valiantly borne his part. He had seen

strange sights too in these beautiful islands, where he had lived now for nearly twenty years. He had heard strange stories from the red-skinned natives of other wonders which he had not seen.

I have no doubt that sometimes he wished he were no longer passing middle age, but were young again, as when he fought the Moors at Granada in old Spain, before he had set out with Columbus to cross the great ocean in quest of fame and gold.

Sometimes as he paced the garden of Casa Blanca, he gazed out upon the changing waters of the sea, and longed for new adventures on the rolling deep. There were islands to the northwest. Should he explore them? He remembered the story he had heard of an island from whose earth gushed the fountain of eternal youth. He who should drink of its sparkling waters would feel the strength of youth in his veins, and if he should bathe in the stream flowing from the fountain he would remain young, and live forever.

Ponce de Leon thought oftener as the days went by of the magic fountain. At last he resolved to seek it. Why not? He had wealth and ships. He was as much at home at sea as on the land. He must find the fountain soon, while he was still strong, — before old age should creep up behind him, and seize his limbs, binding him to the chimney corner.

So the White Castle no longer knew the lion's tread, and ships were sailing in and out among the beautiful islands of the Bahama group, bearing an anxious seeker for a crystal fountain, which should bring back the years of youth and joy.

There are nearly three thousand islands in the Bahama group; yet Ponce de Leon went bravely to work searching for the isle of the magic fountain. Bimini, the Indians called it, and wherever de Leon landed, he asked questions and heard more stories about the wonderful place. Always, too, the Spaniards looked for gold and jewels; but they found

little, and the search went on. At this island and that they touched; in this stream and that they bathed; they took long drinks from crystal springs. But youth seemed as far away as ever.

Winding in and out among the islands, the ships passed through the Bahamas, and sailed on to the northwest. It was spring, and on Easter Day land was again seen. Drawing nearer, the Spaniards saw a lovely shore, green with foliage, bright with blossoms and the gorgeous plumage of many birds.

This was the land we know as Florida. The name was given it on that long ago Easter Day, and was taken from the day itself, which Spaniards call "Pascua Florida," the day of the flowery feast. For many days the Spanish ships followed the coast of the flowery land. At first they hoped that here they should find the wondrous fountain, but they drank and bathed with no result. At last the ships were turned back, and de Leon gave up the search. And yet he did not

really give up, for he meant to return another time and search again.

Years passed before he made the second voyage. Old age was drawing nearer now. But the brave spirit of the old adventurer was still strong. With many followers he landed on the Florida coast, as he had long ago landed on the fair shore of Puerto Rico. He had conquered there, and made the island Spanish ground. Here he would do the same. He had been ruler of Puerto Rico, dwelling in his White Castle high above the sea. Here also he would rule, and would build another Casa Blanca; and perhaps he would yet find Bimini and the fountain of youth.

The Indians of Florida were fiercely resentful of the coming of the strangers, and fighting soon began. Indian arrows fell thickly on the armor of the Spaniards, and Ponce de Leon was wounded by a poisoned dart. He fell, and was carried on board ship. From the first it seemed likely the gallant old soldier would fight no more, and the ships were

turned back. They sought Cuba, the nearest Spanish island, and here de Leon died. He had found, not youth but death, in the flowery land.

His body was carried back to Puerto Rico, where it still rests, while above it we may read these words :

“Beneath this stone repose the bones of the valiant Lion whose deeds surpassed the greatness of his name.”

Seven years after the death of Ponce de Leon a second large company set out from the West Indies to conquer Florida, but this attempt also was a failure. The company moved on and on in the search for gold, through forest and swamp, with little food, and often weakened in fierce battle with the natives.

From the west coast of Florida they wandered, now by land, and again by sea, to the coast of Texas, where of the six hundred who had begun the voyage, only fifteen remained. Of these, four reached Mexico, and nine years from the beginning of his wanderings, one of the four finally made his way home to Spain.

Here, in spite of his awful experiences, he told great tales of the wonders of the country. "Florida is the richest country in the world," he said.

Already a new company was gathering to attempt once more the conquest of the flowery land. Hernando De Soto, young, rich, and already famous for his part in Pizarro's conquest of Peru, was made governor of Cuba and Florida. He set out from Spain with a large following, for the best and bravest of Spanish soldiers begged to go with so distinguished a commander.

Leaving his wife to govern Cuba in his absence, De Soto crossed to Florida. Once more the beauties of the flowery land were seen, as the Spanish ships approached the shore. The silver sand, the sparkling waters, the golden sunshine, the green of trees, and the gorgeous hues of bird and flower were all there to greet De Soto as they had greeted his countrymen who had gone before.

And De Soto sought, as they had sought,

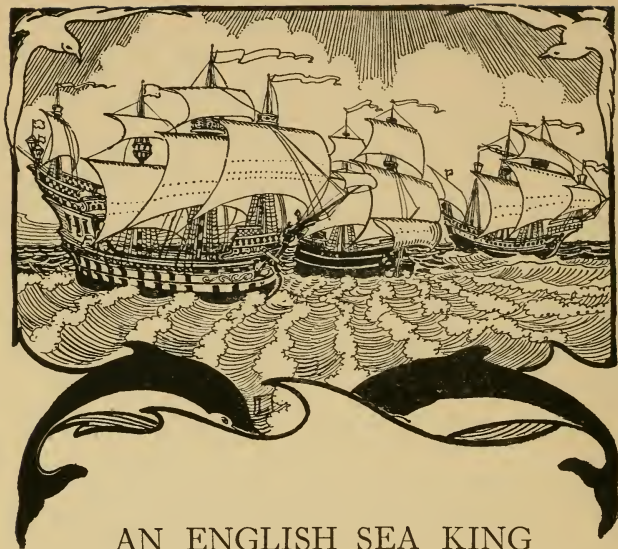
for fame and treasure. He went on and on, as they had gone, lured by tales of a richer country "over there." He and his six hundred men had strange and exciting adventures. Sometimes they found the natives kind and friendly. Sometimes they found them fierce and terrible foes. Like other Spaniards, De Soto often cruelly deceived those natives who were his friends. It was not long before all were enemies, and then the fortunes of the Spaniards grew sad indeed.

Passing soon beyond the boundaries of what we know as Florida to-day, the march continued to the "great river," which De Soto crossed, after a month had been spent in building boats.

Neither he nor his men saw Florida again. Three hundred of the men after great suffering reached Mexico, but De Soto was left behind, — dead, with his work unfinished, his ambition unsatisfied, his life cut off when youth had scarcely passed him by. Truly Florida had thus far seemed the land of death. Bright

with flowers, sweet with perfumes, balmy with soft breezes, it beckoned only to destroy.

Or perhaps it was not Florida which brought destruction to the cruel Spaniards, but their own cruelty turned back upon themselves. Never were men braver than these old-time treasure seekers. They were all "lions" in the day of battle. Perhaps it is no wonder that they were like lions in other ways. In their own way they were great, but they lacked the true greatness of kind hearts. And so it was that Florida, the flowery land, saw battle and suffering, sickness and death, — and after all, lay quiet again, with the Spaniards passed beyond. And so it lay for many years. At last Spain found a foothold at St. Augustine, but even that she could not hold, and to-day the land of flowers is one of our own fair states. Still we may see the silver sands, the golden sunshine, the gorgeous hues of tree and bird and flower. But peaceful people live now along the shores, and Florida is no more the land of death.



AN ENGLISH SEA KING

THE conquest of Mexico brought great riches to the Spanish king. Nor was it long before another Spanish adventurer found almost unbounded wealth in the Indian kingdom of Peru. Spanish ships carried home whole cargoes of gold and silver and precious stones. The Spanish king grew to be the richest of rulers, and Spanish ships multiplied. Spain was soon the "mistress of the seas."

There were ships and sailors in France and England, but the Spaniards took great pains that little should be known about their treasure lands. They had no idea of sharing their treasure with any one.

Perhaps no English sailor ever won greater fame than Francis Drake. They called him a "sea king," and the time came when even Spain, the mistress of the seas, trembled at his name.

From early childhood Francis Drake knew the sea as a familiar friend. For years his very home was an abandoned old warship, where the waves rocked him to his evening slumbers and the sea winds sang his lullabies. In Plymouth harbor, where the warships lay when not at sea, the old hulk was anchored, and the boy's days were spent watching the sailors work, listening to sailors' stories, or playing games of naval war.

The people of England at this time had no love for the rich and powerful mistress of the seas. It was a time when religion caused

many bitter quarrels, and even wars. Catholic and Protestant could not live in harmony, as they do to-day. Each hated and despised the other, and both seemed to believe that people could be made to change their beliefs at the point of the sword. The people of Spain were Catholics. Many English people were Protestant, and during most of Drake's life England was ruled by a Protestant queen. So it was not strange that Spaniards hated England, and that Englishmen hated Spain, especially as they saw her king grow stronger and prouder every year.

Francis Drake's whole life seems to have been ruled by two great passions. He loved the sea, and he hated Spain. And he made the one passion feed the other. He was still only a boy when he made his first sea voyage, and at nineteen was captain of a slave ship under Captain John Hawkins, his cousin. In those days the slave trade was a new and profitable business, considered quite as proper and respectable as any other sort of trade.

Negroes were captured on the African coast, and were carried across to be sold to the Spanish planters in the West Indies. The planters were eager to secure the negroes, and would pay well for them, even though they had been forbidden by their king to trade with any but Spanish ships. Sometimes the Spanish governors interfered, but that made little difference to the English captains, who found not only wealth but great satisfaction in outwitting them.

We can well imagine that this sort of life just suited young Drake, and that he was well pleased with the cargo of gold and pearls with which they started home from the Spanish islands. Their return was not to be without mishap, however. A hurricane drove them far south into the Gulf of Mexico, and to escape destruction Hawkins boldly put into the Spanish port of Vera Cruz. There he found twelve great ships loaded with Spanish gold and silver, a whole year's produce from the mines of

Mexico. They were waiting for the warships which should protect them on the voyage to Spain. Next day the warships came, only to find the English fleet barring their entrance to the harbor.

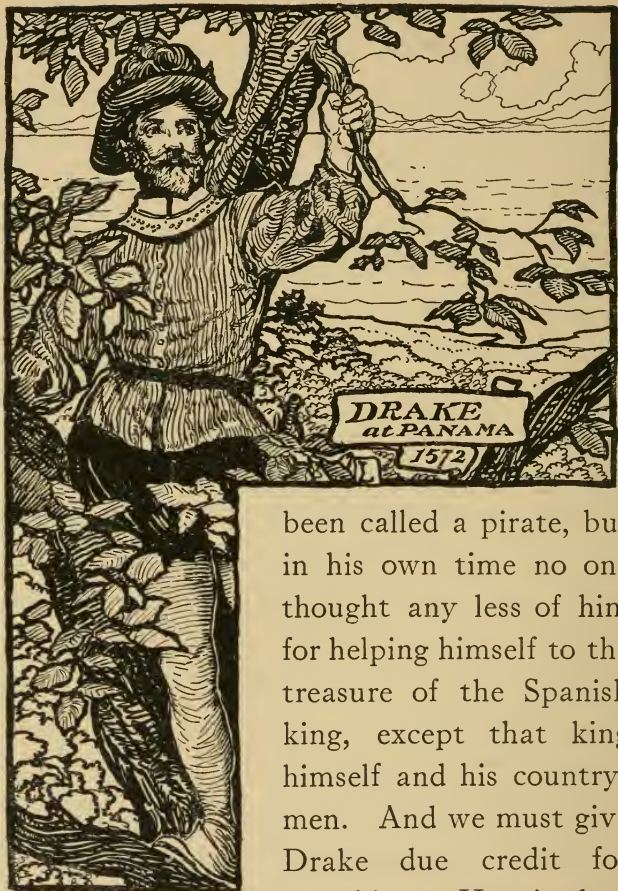
Hawkins, however, agreed to allow the Spanish warships to come in if they would grant him permission to repair his ships without interference. The agreement was made, but in spite of it the Spaniards treacherously attacked the English ships. There was a fearful battle, and of the six vessels Hawkins had led into the harbor, only two of the smaller ones escaped. All of the gold and pearls were gone, and when the two vessels reached England, their half-starved crews carried home nothing to show for their venture except undying hatred for the Spaniards, and an oft-repeated prayer for revenge.

We hear no more of trading for Drake. He made two voyages to the Spanish Indies, in which he searched for some vital spot in

which to wound his enemy; then comes his first attempt to make that wound.

With two ships and about seventy men, he sailed once more for the Spanish Main. This time he meant to strike. We hear of him at Nombre de Dios, "the treasure house of the world," and again intercepting the mule trains which brought the Peruvian treasure to that port from Panama. He would cut out vessels from under the very shadow of the Spanish guns. He would seize provision ships, and rifle the cargoes of merchantmen. In all the Caribbean Sea no spot seemed safe from him, and all Spanish America came to stand in constant dread of "the dragon" who swooped down upon them, struck, and was gone before they could recover breath.

It was a strange sort of warfare to be going on between subjects of nations pledged to peace. For however much English and Spaniards hated each other, they were not at war. In later days Drake would have



been called a pirate, but in his own time no one thought any less of him for helping himself to the treasure of the Spanish king, except that king himself and his countrymen. And we must give Drake due credit for two things. He seized no treasure except it belonged to the hated Span-

iards ; and contrary to the custom of the time, he neither killed nor tortured prisoners.

It was on an overland march to Panama that Drake first saw the boundless waters of the great "South Sea." At the very summit of a mountain peak grew a lofty tree, and from its branches he gazed in awe and wonder. Then and there was born in his mind a great resolve, and he prayed "that Almighty God of his great goodness would give him life and leave to sail once in an English ship upon that sea."

At last the prows of the vessels were turned toward England, and on a mid-summer Sunday the boom of Drake's cannon in a salute to "home" startled the good folk of Plymouth, and caused the preacher great dismay as his congregation rushed forth in the midst of sermon time to greet the bold young captain.

Several years passed before Drake's great resolve in the giant tree of Panama bore fruit. But he was still a young man when

with five ships he set out to gain his heart's desire.

The ill feeling between England and Spain was increasing year by year. No doubt "the dragon's" escapades in the Spanish colonies had something to do with this, and there were other reasons as well. Sometimes it seemed as though war was at hand, then the troubled skies would clear again.

Queen Elizabeth of England desired peace with so powerful a monarch as King Philip. Yet she longed to injure him, to torment him in any and every way that would not bring open war. There seems little doubt that Drake had her permission, if not her orders, to proceed to the Spanish king's dominions on the Pacific, to rob him of his treasure and put his subjects in fear of their lives.

It was generally supposed that Drake's fleet was being fitted for a voyage to Egypt. It is interesting to read that the hardy seaman was surrounded on this voyage by state

and luxury. Everything was as splendid as money could make it. But I fancy "the dragon" cared less for the splendor than for the work he had set out to do.

Only once since the discoverer had first opened the way across the dreaded Atlantic had any seaman been bold enough to sail around South America into the greatest of all the oceans beyond. It was now more than fifty years since Magellan had made his wonderful voyage around the world, and no one had succeeded in following him. Spanish sailors had tried and failed, and it was now long years since any attempt had been made to reach the Spanish settlements on the Pacific except by way of Panama.

Here at least the Spaniards felt safe from the dragon. Their treasure ships plied between Valparaiso, Lima, and Panama, secure in the knowledge that no flag had ever floated above those seas but the red and gold of Spain.

But "the dragon" was on the way!

Down the coast of South America the fleet was struggling, fighting storms that threatened to send every ship to the bottom, and fighting no less the grumbling of the seamen, who had started with no notion of such a voyage. Under the fair skies of England it was summer now and June roses were blossoming, while in these forsaken seas winter cold and wild winds grew fiercer every day.

But the "sea king" meant to reach the great "South Sea," and nothing could hold him back. Late in August the three ships remaining entered the Straits of Magellan. It was a land of ice and snow through which they sailed. Wild storms and strange currents made every inch of the passage a struggle. But the ships pushed bravely on, and in spite of storms and buffeting, in two weeks they had passed the straits and faced the open sea. Then the worst storm of all struck them, and for nearly two months they were blown about, under black skies,

in strange waters, and along strange shores. One of the three ships went down, with all her crew. Another, separated from the flagship, gave up and turned back through the frozen straits. And so the "sea king" was left alone.

When the storm had worn itself away, the *Golden Hind* lay among islands farther south than ever ship had been before. And Drake was filled with triumph, for the storm had taught him what the world would rejoice to know. The great southern continent marked on all the maps below Magellan's Straits *was not there!* Only a group of islands, and beyond the Atlantic and Pacific rolling together in one deep, dark sea. Silently and alone he landed on the farthest point, and walking to its very end, lay down, stretching his arms to embrace the land's end of the southern world.

Turning away to the northward, Drake sailed under sunny skies and on placid seas. And so it happened that the crew of a

Spanish ship in Valparaiso harbor one day saw a sail on the horizon, and looked forward to a merry night. It was the *Golden Hind*, and her crew made short work of taking the Spanish ship with its cargo of gold and wine; and indeed of taking anything and everything they wanted in the harbor and the town. Then the mysterious ship went on its way up the coast, gayly plundering the little settlements, overhauling treasure ships, and leaving terror and chagrin behind.

From Callao, the port of Lima, Drake started in pursuit of a huge vessel, the *Spitfire*, loaded with a vast quantity of gold, silver, and precious stones. She was fourteen days ahead of him, but he resolved to have her, though he should "tear her from her moorings at Panama itself." It was an exciting chase, but the dragon overtook and seized his prey. Not daring to hold her there in the path of possible pursuit while he transferred her cargo to the *Golden Hind*, he led her out a three days' sail into

the silent sea. There the transfer was made, and Drake's treasure was greater by thirteen chests of pieces of eight, eighty pounds of gold, jewels too many to number, and many tons of silver.

This capture ended the plundering, for the good ship would hold no more. Surely it had been a great voyage! And now for home! But it would never do to go back down the coast into the very arms of the Spaniards, wide awake now, and on the watch. There must be some other way. So up the coast the sea king sailed, by California, up to Oregon, as far as Vancouver Island. He was looking for some passage into the Atlantic, but he found none, and at last turned back. After a month spent in a harbor on the California shore to refit the *Golden Hind* for still another giant's task, her prow was turned west, and around the world Drake made his way home.

Almost three years had passed when the *Golden Hind*, battered and wormeaten, ap-

peared in Plymouth harbor. There was great excitement over Drake's return. The Spanish king sent messages demanding that he be punished for his misdeeds, but the



King Philip

queen was too much pleased with his exploits and his gifts to think of punishment. Before many months had passed, she had publicly made him a knight; and soon Sir Francis Drake was planning new exploits and "misdeeds."

The patience of King Philip was nearly gone, and it was rumored that he was preparing for war. In the midst of these rumors Drake crossed once more to the Spanish settlements on the Gulf Coast, and returned, leaving behind him havoc and destruction. Later, an admiral in the navy now, he sailed

against Cadiz, in Spain itself, and dealt fearful blows at the fleet King Philip was constructing there. He had "sing'd the King of Spain's beard," he said.

The next year the dreaded fleet came, — the "Invincible Armada," the Spaniards called it. Drake had been wildly impatient to go forth with every ship England could gather to seek the Armada before it should leave the Spanish coast. But the queen would not consent to this until it was too late, and the Armada was at England's very shores. So the battle was fought in the English Channel, and it was one of the great battles of the world. The Spanish ships were huge affairs, and as they swept down upon the English in a long crescent-shaped line it must have been a splendid sight.

The English ships were there to meet them, with Drake and many another brave old seaman in command. Then there were days of fighting, with clouds of smoke, the boom of cannon, and the crash of falling

masts and rigging; with the blare of trumpets and the shouting of war cries; with sinking ships and dying sailors. There were nights of fighting in moonlight bright as day; or again in darkness black as ink, but



The Revenge

lighted by the fierce glare of the fireships that the English were driving against the Spanish fleet. Oh! there was fighting in plenty, and there were brave deeds, and great men.

But the glory of the battle goes first of all to Sir Francis Drake, the sea king, on his flagship, the *Revenge*. I shall not try to tell you just how the battle was won for England, but it was a hard fight, and long. It is enough that we see the Spanish fleet, invincible no longer,

but broken and scattered, swept out of the Channel by a kindly wind, driven away to trouble England no more.

I have told you the great deeds of this one of England's great men. Now I must tell you of his last treasure hunt, — then lay the pen down, for his story will be done. Once more the dragon was unchained, to sweep across the sea to Nombre de Dios, "the treasure house of the world." Once more he was to seize King Philip's gold. But alas! the very fear the name of Drake had inspired had locked the door of the treasure house beyond his power to open. Everywhere were forts and guns, or buried and hidden treasure, and deserted towns. From one place to another he went. But only failure greeted him in each. He pushed on and on. He began to see his great name tarnish. "We must have gold before we see England," he would cry. Disease seized upon his men, and at last upon the sea king himself.

Day by day he grew weaker, and at last he died. And there in the waters of the Spanish Main, where often he had sailed to seek for treasure and revenge, they laid him for his last rest. Truly to the sea he belonged. He had but returned to his own !



THE "CITY OF RALEIGH" AT ROANOKE

WITHIN the long line of sandbars along the coast of North Carolina lies an island with an Indian name — Roanoke. Outside the bars are the stormy shoals which cause the name of Cape Hatteras to be feared by sailor men. Within is Roanoke, white with glistening sea sand, green with spreading forests, fragrant with summer flowers.

Long ago beautiful Roanoke was the scene of a sad, sad story, — saddest of all because

it is a story without an end, or more truly, a story whose end we can never know. It is the story of the first English homeseekers in America, with their hopes, their hardships, and at last, — but let me tell you the story !

The countries of Europe looked on with envy while Spain gathered rich treasure from new-found America. But in England one man at least was far-sighted enough to see that gold and silver were not the only treasures that the New World might yield.

This man was Sir Walter Raleigh. Some day you may enjoy reading about his life at the brilliant court of Queen Elizabeth. He was a soldier, a sailor, a writer, a courtier, and a great favorite with the queen. He had many interests, but second to none was his project of "founding an English nation across the sea." Raleigh believed that prosperous English settlements in America, whose people would trade with England, and to which poor people might

go to earn an honest living, would be greater treasures to the mother country than silver and gold.

It was in 1584 that Raleigh obtained the queen's permission to make a settlement on the eastern coast of America, and he made his plans at once. His first thought was to find out more about the new land, therefore he sent two ships on an exploring voyage. In the middle of the summer these ships, having crept along the coast from Florida, rested in harbor at Roanoke Island.

The country seemed wonderfully beautiful to the English captains. In their report to Raleigh they tell of "goodly cedar trees," heavily loaded grape vines, and sweet odors as of "some delicate garden abounding with all kinds of flowers." They describe their meetings with the Indians who lived on the beautiful islands. The red men were very friendly. "A more kind and loving people there cannot be found in the world," writes one of the captains. He tells an amusing

story of the Indian "king," who from all the gifts the white men offered him chose a bright tin pan, which he hung before him for a shield, and for which he gave the captain "twenty skins."

Much that is interesting is told of the dress of the Indians, their ornaments of pearl and coral, and their homes. Their boats were made from great logs, burned out hollow. Some of them were large enough to hold twenty men.

The captains carried home to Raleigh glowing reports of the beauty of the country, the richness of the soil, and the kindness of the people. Raleigh hastened to the queen, who was greatly charmed by his stories of this American paradise. Nothing seemed lacking, — delightful climate, fertile soil, magnificent forests, game, fish, gentle and friendly neighbors.

"It shall be called Virginia," cried Elizabeth, the "Virgin Queen."

Raleigh went to work at once, and the

next summer saw seven English vessels braving the storms of the Atlantic to carry settlers to the new Virginia. The queen would not permit Raleigh to go himself, which was unfortunate for the colony. Most of the one hundred and seven settlers knew nothing about making homes in a wild country; and even though they were sent to make the beginning of "an English nation," they were thinking more of gold mines than of corn fields.



The "Virgin Queen"

They even showed so little wisdom as to quarrel with the Indians. We know that, gentle and kind as the red men seemed, they could change easily enough into cruel and unforgiving enemies; and this they did, when the white men treated them unfairly. The theft of a silver cup by an Indian was punished by burning a whole Ind-

ian village, and after that there was little left of loving kindness between red men and whites.

We find it hard to realize just how discouraging life in a new and untamed land must be. Away from home and friends, with few comforts, with constant heavy work, coarse food, and no pleasures, most men would become discontented, as these did. They planted and sowed, but it was only lest starvation should overtake them, and not because they longed to make good homes in Virginia. Many a man stole away from his work to search for gold, and to dream as he searched of the day when, his fortune made, he should return to spend it on old English soil.

The winter passed, and with the return of the balmy springtime new crops were planted, and the settlers began to look eagerly for the supply ship promised them from England. As they watched they longed for home.

One day in June sails were seen against the blue of sea and sky, and soon appeared a fleet of twenty-three English vessels. It was Sir Francis Drake's fleet. He was merely making a friendly call, as he returned from calls less friendly along the Spanish Main.

Never were Englishmen more welcome than to these homesick Virginians; and as they thought of Drake's ships headed toward home it seemed as though they too must go, away from these savage shores, to the peaceful towns or busy cities of old England.

In vain Sir Francis tried to cheer them with supplies and even by leaving two small ships in which they might sail for England if their supply ship did not come. The unhappy colonists found no longer any pleasure in beautiful Roanoke. They cared nothing for their crops, now almost ready for the harvest. They thought only of the rolling ocean between them and England; of the stealthy savages, no longer their friends;

of the dullness and the toil in a new land; of their fruitless search for gold. Sadly they prepared the letters that Drake would take to their friends in England. And when a sudden storm blew out to sea some of Drake's vessels, with many of the Virginia colonists on board, the rest came clamoring to Drake to take them too, to take them all away from this lonely island, — to take them home. And Drake yielded.

So it happened that the summer sun shone brightly on ungathered crops; on deserted huts; on forsaken beginnings of homes; on fair Roanoke, silent once more but for the roll of the sea and the hoarse call of the great white cranes in the marshes along shore.

Raleigh might well have been discouraged at the failure of his carefully laid plans. It had been an expensive failure too. Perhaps the only result of the year's struggle was a careful study of the plants and other natural products of Virginia, made by Thomas Harriot. The most important of the plants, not

already known in England, were the potato and the tobacco plants, both of which were soon commonly used in England.

The potato was without doubt worth many gold mines. And while we may feel sure that the world would have been better off without tobacco, we shall find many people who will not agree with us, — and we must admit that raising it later brought wealth to many in the New World.

The next year we find Raleigh sending out one hundred and fifty new settlers to Virginia. This time they were to seek a home on the mainland north of Cape Hatteras, somewhere on the shore of Chesapeake Bay. Here was to be built the City of Raleigh.

The master of the ships, however, cared little where the City of Raleigh should be located, and refused to go farther than the old settlement at Roanoke. Here the new settlers patched up the old houses and began once more the task of founding an English nation in the New World.

There were women and children in this second band of colonists, and it was hoped that real homes in Virginia might keep the planters, as the settlers were called, from the great longing for their old homes in England. Scarcely a month after the landing a baby was born in Roanoke, daughter to Mistress Eleanor Dare, and granddaughter to Governor John White, who ruled the colony.

Preparations were made to baptize this baby, who was the first child born of English parents in America. They named her Virginia, for their new American home. And no doubt the planters gayly celebrated her christening, — little Virginia Dare, first of all the children they hoped to see grow up in the “City of Raleigh” they were so bravely beginning.

There was much work to do, for the summer was already far gone, and it seemed likely that unless crops could be planted and harvested before winter, the planters would suffer from hunger, since the stores

of provisions brought from England would soon be gone.

Some tribes of Indians were friendly, but others were mindful of the evil treatment rendered by the earlier band of white men, and close watch must be kept. It was a strange, busy, watchful life upon which baby Virginia's eyes had opened.

When she was only a week old, the planters, fearing lest their supplies should be exhausted, and the winter find them without food, urged Governor White to go himself to England that he might hasten the sending of a supply ship. The governor hesitated. He feared to leave his family, with the tiny granddaughter, in this strange land without his protecting arm. But at last he consented, and bidding his loved ones farewell he ordered the sails of the little ship spread and the anchor weighed. So he sailed out of sight, and the settlers went on with their struggle against weariness and hunger and savage foes.

Governor White reached England just as the country was thrown into wild alarm by the Spanish king's Invincible Armada. He found it impossible to get the supplies for which he had come. English ships were ordered to make ready for the defence of England, and forbidden to leave port. Governor White could only wait.

At last Raleigh obtained permission for two ships to sail to Virginia with supplies and more settlers, and in one of these ships the governor thankfully turned westward. They had not gone far, however, before pirates attacked and plundered them, after which they turned back. Again the governor landed on English soil. Again he could only wait.

By this time Raleigh had spent a fortune on his colony, and had little left. No one else seemed inclined to spend money on a venture which promised no gold or other immediate profit. At length, however, Raleigh succeeded in organizing a company

to carry on the work he had begun; and again White set out to carry aid to Roanoke and to see his family once more.

Three years had passed since he left the island settlement, and it was with mingled joy and fear that he approached the American coast. The baby Virginia would be old enough to run about now. Perhaps he would find another grandchild in the little home. Had the settlers been able to ward off starvation? Had the Indians attacked them? What should he find on beautiful Roanoke?

The ship anchored within the sandbars, and two boatloads of men rowed across to the island. It was night when they approached the shore, — dark as night could be. Seeing a faint light, the boats were rowed as near as it was safe, and anchored, while the trumpeter sounded a call, and afterward played English tunes to tell the settlers that friends were near.

There was no answering call or cry. Again

and again the trumpet's call sounded over the dark waters, but it met no response save a fitful echo from the shore. And so the anxious seekers waited for the morning.

At the first light of dawn they went on shore, finding the ashes of the fire they had seen, with many footprints made by naked feet of savages. Going on they found, where the houses had been, a rudely built fort in their stead; but they found no settlers, and within the fort only scattered cannon balls, overgrown with grass and weeds.

Eagerly the governor looked for some sign that might show the fate of the people who were gone. Some of the sailors found five chests, buried, it would seem, for safekeeping, but long since dug up again and their contents scattered. The governor looked sadly down upon his own books and pictures, torn and mud stained, and his suit of armor, eaten through with rust. And they could tell him nothing! The hundred people he had left were gone! Where? Starved?

Murdered? Or alive, driven perhaps by hunger or danger to some better, safer place? What had become of his daughter and the baby grandchild, little Virginia Dare? The governor's mind rang with questions, to which there were no answers.

But wait! there were letters carved on the great post at the gateway of the fort. Perhaps here was the answer. The men crowded around, spelling out the word. C—R—O—A—T—A—N — Croatan. They turned to the governor, whose face was already lighting with hope. Croatan was the name of a neighboring island, where friendly Indians lived. Surely there he would find his people safe, — even baby Virginia, who would run to meet him!

So the governor left Roanoke, and the ship was turned toward Croatan. But storms, and broken cables, lost anchors and scarcity of water seemed to join together to make landing impossible, and the master of the ship at length turned her prow to

the south, carrying the governor away with his questions still unanswered.

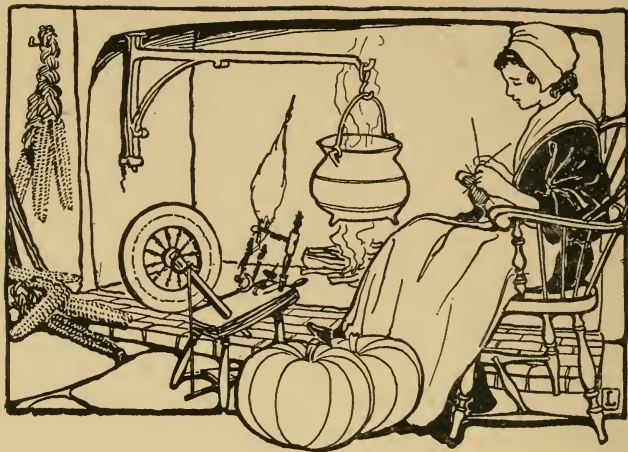
But it made little difference, for there were no answers at Croatan. Nor were there any answers anywhere. We can only guess and wonder and guess again what happened to the lonely people on Roanoke; where they went and why; whether the wolf of hunger or the painted warrior made an end of them; what dreadful sights baby Virginia's eyes looked upon before they were closed forever; how it all happened that once more beautiful Roanoke was silent save for the roll of the sea and the hoarse cries of the great white cranes in the marshes along shore.

The story of Raleigh's lost colony is the first story of English homeseekers in the strange country overseas. It shows us something of what men and women faced who left their peaceful homes in England for the wilderness in America. It makes us wonder that band after band of English colonists

dared to follow these early settlers, going to many places on the Atlantic shore. The "City of Raleigh" was never built as Raleigh planned, on the shore of Chesapeake Bay. Roanoke saw no more settlements, and perhaps the Indian warriors felt that they had put an end to the white man's coming. But it was not for long.

"I shall yet live to see Virginia an English nation," said Raleigh, in spite of failure and disappointment. And so he did.

You will read of that later Virginia, with its settlement at Jamestown, — of the dangers and hardships met and conquered. You will learn of prosperous planters with comfortable homes and broad fields. You will hear the cheerful sounds of plantation life, with song and children's laughter. And yet I wonder if with me you will sometimes hear a dream echo of an English trumpet playing English tunes, calling unanswered across the dark waters to the lost colony of Roanoke?



A VALLEY TOWN IN OLD NEW ENGLAND

A FAMOUS old river is the Connecticut, flowing placidly down through its green New England valley; and many of the sedate old towns in the green valley date back to the early days. You have heard how the Pilgrim Fathers left their homes in England and bravely took up their new life on the bleak shore of Cape Cod Bay. And we might tell story after story of the

homeseekers whose white sails dotted the Atlantic and whose homes began to spring up all along the coast.

The Connecticut valley was settled early, and fifty years after the first shipload of colonists landed in New England there was a chain of little towns along the river. Most of these valley settlements were made by people from the coast towns, who had heard of the fine farm lands in the river valley.

In the town of Hatfield, on the western bank of the Connecticut, the autumn of 1677 found the people busy as usual with the harvest and their preparations for winter. There was corn to be cut and husked; there were beans, pumpkins, and other vegetables to be stored from the frost; flax was to be pulled, grain cut, and fall ploughing done. For Hatfield, like all the settlements, was a farming town, and the winter's comfort depended much upon the stores in barn and cellar.

Within the houses the women were quite

as busy as the men outside, with baking and brewing, weaving and spinning, knitting and making warm garments to protect husbands and children from coming frosts and snow.

Truly, Hatfield was a busy place, and withal a pleasant place in which to live. The sun shone brightly on the brown September fields, and on the long street where the houses of the Hatfield folk were built. A new house was just begun, and the merry ring of the carpenters' hammers could be heard early and late. For frost was coming and the work must be hastened. The south end of "the street" led to the river, where a clumsy old ferry boat served those who would cross to Hadley, on the eastern bank of the stream. All about the prospect was peaceful and pleasant, and spoke of comfortable living and happy though humble homes.

In the big kitchen of one of these Hatfield homesteads, the family was gathering for its evening meal. In the great fireplace

a cheery fire was blazing, for the fall nights were growing chill. The table, with its snowy cloth of homespun linen, stood ready. The dishes were heavy and clumsy, but the fare was good, for the days of hunger in the settlements had long passed. The goodwife, in ample apron, kerchief, and cap, stirred the porridge in the brass kettle hanging over the fire, while the children played about the room.

At the entrance of Goodman Coleman the children drew near the table, the porridge was placed in its appointed bowl; goodman and goodwife took their seats and every head was bowed while the father devoutly prayed God's blessing on the food before them.

"It is well the good weather holdeth," said the goodwife as the cheerful clatter of spoons announced the beginning of the meal. "Canst thou finish the corn to-morrow?"

"That can hardly be, Hannah," answered the goodman, "but two more days of fair

weather will see it all in the barns. I am looking for early frost, and shall let naught interfere with harvesting. Thomas," to the tallest of the five children clustered about the table, "we shall rise betimes to-morrow, so thou shouldst go early to thy bed."

"Father," called ten-year-old Hannah, "didst see the savages pass through the street to-day? I feared them so that I ran and hid till they were gone."

"I saw them, Hannah, as they passed out the South Gate on their way toward Hadley. They are far away ere now. Thou needst not fear them. It is more than a year since any savage has attacked the valley settlements, and it is believed that our old enemies have left the valley for a new home in Canada. They were Mohawks that thou sawest, going east on the Bay Road."

"I would that there were no savages," answered the little girl. "I love not their painted faces, and their wild ways. I shall dream of them to-night."

“Indeed thou must not, Hannah,” said Thomas, “else thou’lt cry out in thy sleep and fright us all.”

With table cleared and candles lighted, the kitchen settled down to its evening quiet. The baby slept peacefully in its low wooden cradle, and soon the older children were sleeping too, while goodman and goodwife worked busily as they sat beside the fire. There was little time for idling in these busy households.

Deftly turning the heel in the stocking she was knitting, the goodwife had leisure to plan the work for to-morrow, and counted it rest enough that the busy feet and voices of the children were stilled for the day. On the other side of the hearth the goodman worked on a stout little shoe, which he was finishing for one of those same busy feet. The tap tap of his hammer and the gentle click of the knitting needles scarcely seemed to break the silence of the room, now only dimly lighted by the dying embers of the fire.

When the shoe was finished the goodman took down the Bible from its shelf, and the goodwife, laying aside her knitting, listened reverently to the reading and prayer with which New England families closed their day. Then carefully covering the fire with ashes, they sought their beds.

Very early in the morning the village was astir. There were cows to be milked and to be driven out to the herdsman's care. There were sheep to care for, and there was work in the barns. All day the harvest work went on. Heavy ox carts laden with yellow corn creaked and rumbled up the street. In the kitchens great ovens were heated and the baking done. For to-morrow was the Sabbath and there must be food ready. No Puritan housewife cooked on Sunday.

"Hannah, canst thou mind Sarah and the baby for an hour this afternoon?" asked Goodwife Coleman, when dinner was over and cleared away. "I have a mind to help

Sarah White with her quilting. The new house will soon be done, and Sarah must be ready with her bridal furnishings. And she hath no mother to help her, poor girl."

Hannah felt very sure she could watch little Sarah and the baby sister for an hour, and her mother was soon hastening down the street on her neighborly errand. Sarah was glad enough to have the help, and it was not long before another and another of the kind-hearted Hatfield women had joined them about the quilting frame. The gay patchwork upon which they worked had been carefully sewed by pretty young Sarah, and when the quilting was done, would be laid in the chest with her bridal linen.

The women chatted happily as their needles flew. "Hast heard of the case of John Fisher of Hadley?" asked one. "The court hath fined him sixty shillings for that he called Thomas Beaman's mother a witch."

"And it is well," answered another of the Puritan goodwives, "that the court should

bridle the tongues of those who can put no bridle upon them themselves. We may all be called witches if the foolish and the slanderous have their way."

"Dost believe that Mary Webster doth really bewitch the cattle and the horses that pass her door?" asked another.

"It were not safe to say, since I know not," was the reply. "Wouldst have the court fine me for idle speech?"

"Well, for my part, I should like to see the old dame tested in the river. If mayhap she should float, then we should all know she was a witch."

"Canst talk of naught but witches?" said Goodwife Coleman. "I like not the subject. Didst see the savages pass through the street yesterday?"

"I like savages still less than witches," came the answer. "Shall we hear the new minister to-morrow?"

And so the talk went on until the hour glass had been turned once and the sand had

run out half again. Then it was time to return to the little flocks at home, and to set all in order for the Sabbath ere sunset; for it was the custom, which none dared nor cared to break, to lay aside work and play when the sun went down on Saturday night, and to keep Sabbath until sunset of Sunday.

The children found it less easy than their elders to welcome the long hours of the Sabbath. They had few playthings on any day, but what they had were solemnly laid aside, and there was nothing for restless hands and still more restless minds to do. They must rise early, as usual, for it was wicked to waste the Lord's Day in bed. Then, the simple breakfast over and cleared away, there were family prayers, after which the whole family prepared for their walk to the "meeting house," where their long day of worship began by nine o'clock.

It was weary work for the children to sit still for three long hours, while the minister's

voice resounded in solemn explanation and warning. The women and girls sat on one side of the meeting house, and the youngest children with them. On the other side sat the fathers and young men. But the half-grown boys — the wriggling, mischievous, unruly boys — sat on the steps of the pulpit where all eyes were upon them. There were Thomas and John and Noah, Hannah's brothers, and their playmates and friends. Sometimes when they wriggled overmuch the tithing-man rapped them sharply on the head with his knobbed stick, for it was his duty to keep order in the Lord's house.

After the meeting was over came perhaps the hardest time of all. How the children watched the slowly setting sun, and longed for it to disappear behind the western hills. At last it was gone, and once more the homesteads woke to life as the castle of the sleeping beauty in the fairy tale. Mother took up her knitting, father and the boys went out to their nightly tasks in the barn, while the

children ran and jumped and shouted, to let loose the spirits so solemnly suppressed all day.

On this September Sabbath, the Coleman children begged for pop-corn after supper, and sat in a merry circle on the great hearth while Thomas held the popper over the blaze. Sarah, the four-year-old, wearing the stout little shoes the goodman had made so carefully, shouted with laughter as the yellow kernels mysteriously turned themselves inside out into tiny snowballs. Even the grave elders smiled at her glee.

Bright and early next morning the week's work began. Goodman Coleman, anxious to finish harvesting the corn, took Thomas and even eight-year-old John with him to the corn-field on the South Meadow below the town. Most of the men and boys of the village were there, hastening to get in their crops.

Hannah had her daily tasks to do, and her "stint" of spinning to finish before she

could play, but Noah and Sarah were out early, and had a whole troop of playfellows at their heels, for there were many children in the Hatfield homes.

It was a beautiful morning, bright and clear. Gayly the children shouted, and Hannah longed to leave the spinning wheel and join them. But it was after ten when she was free to go, and even then she must first run up-stairs to the attic, where the dried herbs were hanging. Mother wanted catnip for the baby, who seemed ailing, and Hannah must bring it to her.

Hurrying up the stairs, she reached the bunches of sweet-smelling herbs. These were the medicines with which people "doctored" themselves in all but the worst sickness. The catnip hung at the end of the row. Just a handful, mother had said.

Hannah paused, in the dusky silence of the dimly lighted attic, to listen to the children playing in the street. How loudly they shouted! Why, surely that was not

play ! Some one was frightened ! Something had happened ! Was it — yes, she knew now the strange sound. It was the savage war-whoop. She heard it in the street below her, mingled with cries and screams, with rushing feet and wild clamor.

One glance from the dusty window drove the little girl with white face and horrified eyes back into the darkest corner. And there she crouched, not daring to stir, until the wild noises grew fainter in the distance. Then the sting of smoke in her eyes, and the crackle of burning wood told of a new danger.

With trembling footsteps she crept from her hiding-place, uncertain even now whether she should ever dare to venture down the stairs ; but lest she be burned in the fire she felt sure was beneath her feet, she found her way down. Around every corner she expected to meet the cruel face and clutching hand of a painted warrior. But no one stopped her, and she reached the kitchen, only to find it empty of all save the dense

gray smoke which choked her and drove her to the door.

Outside the street was empty save for a straggling line of breathless, frantic men, who even on the South Meadow had heard the awful sounds which meant death and destruction to their homes and loved ones. Hannah could see no savages, and she stumbled along until she reached her mother, lying across the path with the baby in her arms, — both dead, killed by a blow from the tomahawk of some Indian brave.

With a wild cry, the little girl threw herself down beside the mother who had loved her so tenderly; and there the father found her, when, panting and spent with running, he reached the home he had left so confidently that morning.

Sarah and Noah were gone. No trace could be found of them or of their playmates; and as the grief-stricken father gathered the sad little remnant of his family together he hardly knew which seemed worse to him —

death, or captivity among the cruel red men. He thought of his faithful wife, — lost to him forever; of his little children, torn away from home and parents, dragged he knew not whither, nor to what end! It seemed almost more than he could bear.

It was a sad, sad day for Hatfield when the broken families were gathered and count was made of dead, wounded, and missing. Twelve had been killed, and the captives numbered seventeen. Among these were three women and one man. The rest were little children, none of them more than eight years old.

Benjamin Wait had lost his wife and all his children, three little girls, the oldest only six; and he resolved that nothing but his own death should keep him from following the Indians and recovering the lost ones. How he succeeded we shall presently learn, but for the present we must go with the captives on their journey up through the valley.

It was a forlorn band, hurried along by the rough hands of their captors. Frightened children clung to their despairing mothers. Babies wailed, and motherless little ones stumbled along paths they could scarcely see for tears. By nightfall they had reached the neighborhood of Deerfield, one of the newest of the valley towns. It had been destroyed the year before by the Indians, and only a few days ago men had gone up from Hatfield to begin rebuilding their ruined houses. Three of these men and another eight-year-old were brought in to the Indian camp, and next morning the swift march northward was resumed.

It was soon guessed by the captives that the Indians meant to take them to Canada. The Indians were friendly with the French, and hoped no doubt to sell the English in some French town for slaves. At this thought the last hope must have died in the weary mothers' hearts. How could their little ones endure the long journey through

the pathless wilderness? How could they themselves endure it?

They soon found that the march would be a long one, for the Indians had little food, and must stop to hunt and fish. Sometimes they would camp for several weeks near a good hunting ground or where fish were plenty. Then there would be food. But many times there was neither game nor fish, and both captor and captive felt the keen pangs of hunger. When they were in camp the white men and women were driven to do the heavy work, and when food was scarce, even the children were sent to hunt for roots and wintergreen berries in the woods.

As the weather grew colder, suffering was increased. Shoes wore out, and feet grew lame and sore. After tramping along rough paths all day, often carrying a helpless child, the tired women must help the squaws with the camp work at night, until they could scarcely stagger from one task to the next.

Some of the more delicate children fell ill,

and the sight of their thin, pale faces filled their mothers with dread. Sometimes an Indian would pick up an exhausted child and carry it along a mile or two; but at other times there were only harsh words and blows for the stragglers. Again, perhaps a squaw would take a fancy to one of the "paleface papposes," and would take it for her own, dressing it in Indian finery and warm skins. But the squaws had only scorn for the white women, because they could not endure the hardships that Indian women had been used to all their lives.

Part of the journey was made on Lake Champlain in canoes. Then the weary march was taken up again, this time over snow and ice and in freezing weather. Two of the captive children grew so feeble that their impatient masters killed them rather than be troubled by them longer. The rest struggled on, and at last reached an Indian camp just outside a French town in Canada.

Here they rested, at least from journeying,

but they were still the slaves of their captors, and often felt the lash. A few were sold to French masters, for the people of the town were sorry for the wretched English, and were kind to them in many little ways. Sometimes the captives hoped that their friends at home would somehow send them aid, but they scarcely knew what they expected, nor how aid could come.

The Canadian winter was nearly half gone when two strangers entered the little French town, asking of the people whether there were Indians with English captives near. It would be too long a story to tell how Benjamin Wait had kept his resolution, and about his adventures with Stephen Jennings, another Hatfield man, on the long way from home. It is pleasant to be able to tell you that Goodman Wait found his goodwife and the three little girls, although they were so changed by toil and suffering, dirt and Indian garments, that he hardly knew them when he did find them. Stephen Jennings

too found his family. And together the two found the rest.

It cost two hundred pounds, or nearly seven hundred dollars of our money, to buy the freedom of all the Hatfield captives, but when the company started for home only three were missing, and these were dead. And with them were two tiny babies, born in the little French town to Goodwife Wait and Goodwife Jennings. These two babies grew to womanhood bearing the names of Canada Wait and Captivity Jennings, in memory of the awful suffering of their mothers, in the midst of which these children were born.

It was spring when the homeward journey was begun. And what a different journey it was from the toilsome march up through the wilderness. Guided and guarded by a company of French soldiers, shielded and comforted by the steadfast men who had come to seek them, the little band set out for home. Their way led them through

Lake Champlain and down the Hudson to Albany, nearly all the way in canoes.

From Albany letters were sent to Hatfield, — the first news the people had received from the Indian sufferers since that awful day in September, eight months before; the first news too from Wait and Jennings, who had been gone nearly as long.

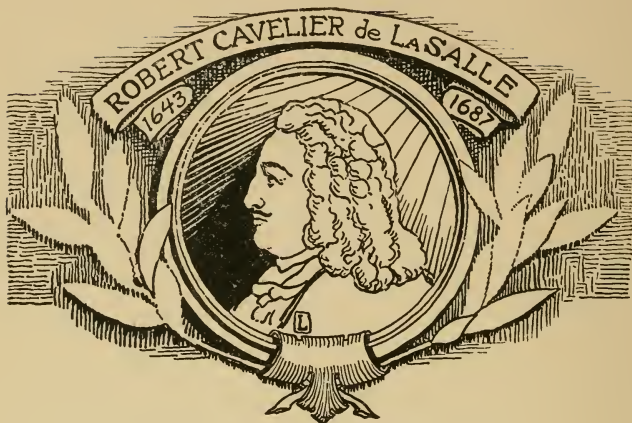
There was great joy when the news was received; and a day or two later the wanderers reached home. It was a beautiful day in May, and half the townspeople went out through the South Gate to watch for the return. Goodman Coleman, with his two boys and little Hannah, waited anxiously for the little ones. When the company came in sight, what a shout went up! On every face is joy, — and if on some the joy is shadowed by grief for those who are gone, it is joy nevertheless. Among all the happy ones, however, it seems that none can know the peace and happiness of the wanderers. Once more they see the familiar sights of

home. The street, the meeting house, the river, the hills — each speaks of home. The waiting friends, the hearty greetings, the tender handclasp, tell of loving sympathy.

The story of the capture and the rescue was told again and again. There were sad tales and joyous ones. Scarcely any of the company but still wore the fringed deerskins and the moccasins which told so plainly the story of their life in the woods. But little Sarah returned to her father's arms with her sturdy little feet still shod in the stout little shoes she wore out to her play that sad September day.

The Indians never again attacked Hatfield. Other captives from other towns walked the long road to Canada, suffering as these had suffered. Some were rescued and brought back home. Others died; and others still grew up with the savages and became savages themselves. But these Hatfield captives were the first. Long the people told the story and treasured relics of the sad winter

march. You may even see to-day, after two and a half centuries, carefully preserved, a mute reminder of the toilsome road — Sarah Coleman's stout little shoe.



A STORY OF NEW FRANCE

As you doubtless already know, no country in North America north of Mexico now belongs to any but English-speaking people. Yet the story of early occupation by France and Spain and Holland is told us by the names they have left behind them, as surely as though we read about it in the histories.

Florida, St. Augustine, San Francisco, Sacramento, Sierra Nevada, Santa Fe, all speak to us of Spain.

Brooklyn (once spelled Breuckelen), Harlem, Catskill, Flushing, Schenectady, Poughkeepsie, Yonkers, tell as certainly of Dutch days in old New York.

And if we travel into Canada and about the Great Lakes, we shall find many traces of French rule — St. Lawrence, Montreal, Champlain, Richelieu, Sault Sainte Marie, Detroit, and almost countless names of smaller places. Down through the Mississippi Valley we shall find more French names, — Vincennes, Louisiana, New Orleans, and many more.

The Spanish names are found in Florida and the far west. The Dutch have left their traces only in one state. The English settlements were crowded along the Atlantic coast. But New France extended from the frozen lands of the far north to the sunny shores of the great Gulf of Mexico. While Spaniards sought for treasure, Dutchmen traded for furs, and Englishmen planted and sowed on New World soil, the French were

dreaming of a great empire, which should make France a power to be feared by all the world. Our story will tell us about one of the empire builders — Robert Cavelier de la Salle.

Born in France, of rich but not noble family, young Robert Cavelier early showed signs of the greatness he afterward displayed. He was only twenty-three years old when he came to America, led by dreams of adventure and achievement.

At twenty-three he was, as indeed he all his life remained, a man cold and proud and silent, making few friends, and caring little for friendship; a man whose dreams no one shared, but whose dreams were the guiding stars of his life. He was brave and persevering, and when he chose could show great tact in the management of men. But perhaps his most useful quality for the work he was to do was the iron determination, which pushed obstacles aside and allowed

nothing to interfere with his success. He has been called "The Iron Man"; well he deserves the name.

New France, when La Salle sought its shores, was a little more than a half century old. Its first successful settlement had been made at about the same time at which the English first succeeded in Virginia. For some years New France meant only Quebec; and Quebec had the same story of want and hardship and suffering as all the settlements in the New World. From the first the fur trade brought almost the only income, and even now, after fifty years, it was the same. Great efforts had been made by the French king to build up the colony, and to induce the colonists to till the soil, but the reward of his efforts was slow in coming. There were trading posts and there were missions where faithful priests sought the salvation of savage souls. But there were few farms.

Quebec is described in the middle of its first century as "a city which lacked nothing

so much as people." It had built churches before it had worshippers, schools before it had scholars, hospitals before it had patients. These things were all part of the king's plan to make conditions easy and attractive for the colonist. A part also of this plan provided for the gift of great estates to men who had means to improve them. These "seigneurs" in their turn granted small pieces of land to settlers, called "habitants."

La Salle received one of these seigneuries, not far from the struggling settlement at Montreal. He had little money, but he set to work on his new domain, and in what leisure he could command he learned to understand and speak the language of seven or eight Indian tribes.

From the first he got on well with the Indians, and it was his delight to talk with them, asking questions about the unknown country to the west and south. By this time the wonderful chain of Great Lakes

had been found, and French voyagers had travelled over much of the northern wilderness.

The Indians told La Salle wonderful tales of a great river rising in their country, but flowing southward on and on to the sea — a distance which would require many moons to cover, even in swift canoes. La Salle determined to find this river, and his dreams pictured a great waterway which he should secure for France.

If the river flowed into the Pacific, it would give the passage to China and Japan which all the world was seeking. If it flowed south into the Gulf of Mexico, it would provide an outlet for French trade to waters open all the year.

La Salle was fortunate in interesting the governor of New France in his plans. The governor, Count Frontenac, was in many ways like La Salle himself, and in him La Salle made one of his rare friends. Frontenac did all he could to help in the great

undertaking, and encouraged his friend in every way.

The first step was taken in the building of a fort at the outlet of Lake Ontario. This would serve as a trading post to which the Indians might bring their furs, and with the aid of a vessel to be built would command the lake itself. Frontenac's meeting at this spot with a large company of Iroquois Indians is full of interest. Every detail of the meeting was carefully arranged to impress the red men with the power of the French. The marching soldiers and their gorgeous uniforms called forth astonished and admiring exclamations, which was just what the governor had intended. In the council to which he invited them, the chiefs were met with great ceremony. Frontenac made them a long speech, in which he sometimes flattered them and sometimes threatened; he seemed always to know the right word to say.

Pointing to the soldiers, the boats, the

cannon, he said, "If your Father (meaning the King of France) can come so far, with so great a force, through such dangerous rapids, merely to make you a visit of pleasure and friendship, what would he do if you should awaken his anger, and make it necessary for him to punish his disobedient children? — Beware how you offend him."

The fort now nearly finished he told them was a proof of his fatherly love for them. It was a storehouse where they might obtain the goods they needed without travelling far in their canoes.

The stolid warriors smoked their pipes in silence, but Frontenac won their friendship by his clever words. The next step after the completion of the fort was to obtain the king's permission to explore farther to the south. For this purpose Frontenac sent La Salle to France. King Louis listened to the plans of the bold adventurer, and was glad enough to approve them. What could be better than to gain the rich river valley and

to control the river itself, — a highroad to the sea? Who would not permit a willing subject to “labor at the discovery of the western parts of New France” with such an end in sight?

La Salle therefore returned with the royal permit for which he had asked. He was made seigneur over a large tract of land surrounding the fort on Lake Ontario, which he had named Fort Frontenac. He was to explore and build other forts where they were necessary in his work.

These were the days of great dreams. La Salle could see already in his mind the Mississippi Valley, dotted with homes of happy and contented Frenchmen, who should till the rich soil and send shiploads of their produce down the river to the markets of the world. He could see long lines of Indian canoes, loaded with beaver skins and buffalo hides, darting swiftly along the river branches and into the great stream, to be unloaded at his trading posts. He could see a great grim

fortress where the river met the sea, which should speak to Spaniards of French power they could not hope to break. And with it all who can wonder if he saw glory and power and gold for Robert Cavelier, Sieur de la Salle, who had wrought this magic for France and for the king.

These were his dreams, but they were still afar off; and La Salle at once attacked the gigantic task before him. The king had found colony-making expensive, and had given La Salle nothing more than his gracious permission to "labor at discovery." The first need was therefore money.

La Salle succeeded in borrowing from many sources. If he succeeded, the money invested would bring great profit to all concerned. If he failed, he would be left with a great burden of debt to pay. Therefore he must succeed.

With him on his return from France came Henri de Tonty, from this time to the end of La Salle's life always a faithful and devoted

friend; and Father Hennepin, a priest whose dreams of adventure could be satisfied only by seeing for himself the strange sights of the New World wilderness.

La Salle's plan was to build a vessel which should carry both men and supplies through the Great Lakes to the river basin. The Indians told stories of great waterfalls between Lake Ontario and Lake Erie; so it was decided to build the vessel on the latter lake. An advance party went to select a suitable place for the shipbuilding. With them went Father Hennepin, and it is to him we are indebted for the first description of Niagara Falls.

Not long after entering the Niagara River the current became so strong that they could no longer force the canoe against it. Landing therefore they travelled along the snowy shore. As they went on they heard more and more plainly the noise of falling waters, until at length the great cataract was in sight. "Thunder of waters," the Indians called it,

and Hennepin describes it as "a most beautiful and at the same time most frightful cascade."

Above the falls a place was selected for the building operations, and work was begun. First there must be a fort, but it was slow work to drive stakes for the palisade in mid-winter. The frozen ground often had to be thawed with boiling water. Sullen and jealous Indians from a neighboring Iroquois village watched the work, while at times it appeared as though they would not let it go on. The Iroquois had no desire to see Frenchmen in control of their fur trade from the lakes.

La Salle, who always managed Indians with skill, succeeded in getting permission to build his "fortified storehouse" and his great "wooden canoe." As the size of the wooden canoe began to be seen, however, the Indians became alarmed. Once they planned to burn it, and a close watch had to be kept.

La Salle's first misfortune was the loss of

the food and supplies he had sent from Fort Frontenac to Niagara. Because of this loss La Salle set out on foot for Fort Frontenac and was gone from early spring to midsummer. Before his return the vessel was ready to launch. Both Indians and Frenchmen assembled for the occasion, and amid the boom of cannon, the hymns of the priests, and the shouts of the Indians, the little vessel slipped from the ways into the river.

Upon La Salle's return, the lake voyage began; across Lake Erie, through the Detroit River and Lake Huron, the little vessel, which had been named the *Griffin*, ploughed its way. At the head of Lake Michigan, the French mission and trading post at Michilimackinac was reached. La Salle, in a fine cloak of scarlet and gold, landed with all his crew. They were greeted by a crowd of Indians and French woodsrangers, who escorted them to the little bark chapel, where the priests of the mission said mass. Almost immediately La Salle resumed his voyage,

stopping at Green Bay, where he found hunters whom he had sent ahead to gather furs.

By this time La Salle's debts were great, and he determined to send the *Griffin* back to Niagara with a load of furs to be sold. He, with the larger part of the men, would continue the voyage in canoes until the *Griffin* should rejoin them at the southern end of the lake.

The *Griffin* turned back, and the canoes pressed forward. But scarcely had they parted when furious storms broke over the lake. The waves washed over the canoes, loaded heavily with supplies. With great difficulty the men got them to the shore. Again and again the storms came, driving the company to days of huddling about sputtering fires of half-soaked driftwood; to nights in which the only shelter from wind and rain was rain-soaked blankets. Sometimes they were without food, but whenever the weather would permit, they launched the canoes and paddled southward.

After a time the weather improved, game grew plentiful, and at the approach of winter the party had reached the point where the *Griffin* was to join them. But alas! the *Griffin* never came. The same storms which had almost destroyed the men had probably sent her to the bottom of the lake, and with her the furs from which La Salle had hoped so much.

But still La Salle pressed on. A short overland journey brought him with the canoes to the head of the Illinois River. Launching the canoes where the stream was so narrow that a man could almost step across, they followed its winding course through miles of boundless prairie. At last they reached the country of the Illinois Indians, and were kindly received. La Salle asked them, as he had asked the Iroquois, to consent to the building of a fort and a great wooden canoe. The Illinois agreed, but later tried to frighten the Frenchmen by stories of the dangers of the lower course of

the great river. There were fierce savages, serpents, alligators, and unnatural monsters. There were rocks and whirlpools, and at last a fathomless gulf into which the vessel would plunge and be lost forever.

La Salle went calmly on with his preparations, although the tales of the Indians cost him six men, whose fright led them to desert him. The fort was built, the vessel begun. It was long before La Salle had given up hope of the return of the *Griffin* with the needed supplies. When he did give up, there seemed only one way to get the help he must have, and that way was beset with terrors and hardship. He must go himself on foot to Fort Frontenac. And this he did, with five companions, leaving Tonty with about a dozen men to await his return.

We wonder at the endurance and the iron will of this man, who in little more than two months travelled a thousand miles in ice, snow, and every sort of peril. Reaching Fort Frontenac he found only discouragement.

ment. Those whom he owed and could not pay had seized his property. A ship from France bringing a heavy cargo of his goods was lost. And while he was making ready to return to Tonty and his men, a message from Tonty told him that the discontented ones had destroyed the fort, thrown into the river arms, ammunition, and supplies, and had taken to the woods.

The work must be given up, or La Salle must begin again at the very beginning. This, being the man he was, he chose to do.

First of all, he must carry help to Tonty and the handful of faithful men with him. With twenty-five men he set out and travelled rapidly to the Illinois country. A scene of desolation met his eyes. Where the prosperous Indian village had been was only solitude and destruction. Coming nearer, it was clear that the Illinois had been attacked and destroyed. This was no doubt the work of the Iroquois.

There was no sign of Tonty or the men,

and though La Salle searched faithfully for them, it was months before he found them safe at Michilimackinac. Together, the loved commander and the trusted lieutenant made new preparations and embarked once more to follow the great river to its mouth.

Down the Illinois, past shores which called up sad and painful memories, they glided, until their canoes emerged upon the broad stream of which they had heard so much. Now, day by day, they left the land of ice and snow, and drew nearer to a country of sunshine and flowers. They found gentle, friendly Indians, in whose villages they raised crosses bearing the arms of France.

Mile after mile they followed the winding river until they reached the sea. And here with all pomp and ceremony, amid the singing of hymns, volleys of musketry, and shouts of "Viv le Roi," La Salle took possession of "Louisiana" for his master King Louis, far away in France. The Louisiana of La Salle was a mighty empire in itself, stretching from

northern lakes to tropic seas. And La Salle's fame was secure.

This is the great moment of La Salle's life, and here let us leave him, with the sun of glorious achievement shining on his uncovered head. Ere long the clouds of struggle and disappointment and disaster will shut him in again. The colony he leads from France to the Gulf Shore will be lost on a strange coast. There will be discontent and bitterness. There will be plots and finally murder. And the brave leader will fall. The power and glory of which he dreamed will not be his. So let us leave him, where the Mississippi seeks the sea, claiming the mighty basin for his king, — "most high, mighty, invincible, and victorious prince, Louis the Great, by the Grace of God King of France and Navarre."



PETER THE HEADSTRONG

ANNETJE VAN VARICK was a little Dutch girl. She had never seen Holland, the country of the Dutch, but lived happily with her father and mother and her little brother Jan in the New World city called New Amsterdam.

The sun, rising round and red over the hills of near-by Long Island one morning in November, 1663, peeped in at Annetje's small-paned window and wakened her from sleep. Just as she opened her eyes to wonder what had roused her, the cow-herd's horn

sounded in three loud blasts; and Annetje knew that it was time to rise.

"Jan," she called softly to her sleeping brother, "the cow-herd calls. Open thy lazy eyes and dress thyself."

The merry jangle of the cow bells made music for the children's ears, as they hastily laid aside their long-caped night caps and their gowns, and took up the task of getting dressed for the day.

A gay little Dutchman was Jan, as in baggy trousers, yellow stockings, and scarlet jacket, he trudged sturdily down the stairs to the kitchen. And Annetje, with stockings of blue, many bright petticoats, and sleeves of red and yellow, must have looked like the tulips in her own summer garden.

The fire in the huge fireplace was already blazing when the children reached the kitchen, and the "vrouw" was bustling about, cooking the breakfast. The sausages were sputtering over the fire, filling the room with appetizing odors. The table was spread with

the whitest of linen, and the pewter plates caught the bright light from the fire on their shining faces. Annetje hastened to bring the rye bread and to grate the cheese; while the mother served steaming porridge from the kettle and little Jan pushed the chairs about the table.

The kitchen was a cheery place even in the early light of the autumn morning. Opposite the fireplace stood the dresser, with its rows of pewter and the silver tankards that had come from Holland. A hanging plate rack held blue china from Delfthaven and red Portuguese earthenware. On another wall hung the father's rack of slender, long-stemmed pipes. The floor, scrubbed clean and white, was sprinkled with still whiter sand from the near-by shore. Everywhere was warmth and comfort.

The goodman of the house, round of person, and round and red of face as the sun behind the morning hills, ate his sausages and drank his beer in calm content. Then, lighting his

favorite pipe, he put on his broad-brimmed beaver hat, and walked leisurely forth to his day's labor at trading on the waterfront.

A ship loading for old Amsterdam in Holland would carry Mynheer Van Varick's tobacco, grain, and furs to be sold in Dutch markets. He must oversee the loading of the cargo. No doubt also there would be Indians paddling down the river with boat loads of beaver skins, with whom he must make bargains. And daily he expected a shipload of goods from Holland.

The housemother, meanwhile, took up her busy round of duties. The Dutch housewife had few idle minutes. With brewing and baking, spinning and weaving, she lived the same sort of life as the Puritan housewife of New England.

Jan and Annetje had their own little tasks, of which they loved none better than feeding the geese. Such silly things they were, waddling solemnly in long lines about the dooryard, and then down the town street to the water-side.

“See, Annetje, the gray gander walks just like ‘Old Silverleg,’” cried Jan. And with feet spread wide he strutted along behind the flock.

“Hush, Jan,” said Annetje; “it is wrong to speak so of the governor. His leg was lost in battle, so he must be brave. And I think he is good, too, even though his temper be hasty. Only bad children mock at his wooden leg.”

Jan paid little heed to this warm defence of Governor Peter Stuyvesant, for he had his own notion of the quick-tempered old man, whom he saw almost daily stumping by in his walks about town. It is true he would scarcely have dared to mock and laugh had his elders been about, and I am certain that if the stout old governor had himself appeared in the neighborhood, Jan would have suddenly frozen into a perfect image of an awestruck Dutch infant.

“Come, Jan,” coaxed Annetje, “I know the frost last night has opened the chestnut

burs. Get a basket and we will walk up beyond the land gate and into the woods." So the two trudged off, by the steep-roofed houses of gay Dutch tile, with their garden

patches now withered and brown.

The children were not the only people in the Dutch colony who found "Old Silverleg" an interesting and sometimes perplexing study. But most of them, like Jan, preferred to express their opinions of him when he was not present.



"Hardkoppig Piet"

Peter the Headstrong, he was sometimes called, because he was so fond of having his own way. Indeed he made things very uncomfortable and sometimes exciting when he was opposed. Once when a man threatened

to appeal from his decision to the government in Holland, the governor shouted, "If any man tries to appeal from me I will make him a foot shorter, pack the pieces off to Holland, and let him appeal in that fashion."

But the old governor had his good points after all. He was brave, as Annetje had said, and with all his temper he wished the people well. Indeed, he could be very kind, so long as no one interfered with his plans or disobeyed his commands. He had been governor now for more than fifteen years, and the people were far better off than when he came. But many of them longed for a chance to decide things for themselves, instead of being treated like Peter Stuyvesant's naughty children.

The governor also was not without his troubles. The English who had settled New England were crowding close to the Dutch settlements on the east; while on the south, more English were pressing the Dutch villages on the Delaware. The governor feared that

the English would try to take New Amsterdam. He worried about it, but no one else seemed to worry. And no doubt the worry made his tongue sharper and his temper more uncertain than ever.

The people of New Amsterdam enjoyed life more than their stern Puritan neighbors, it seemed. Even their clothes, as we have seen, were gay in color; and they loved to make merry in their homes and among their neighbors. In the late afternoon, work was laid aside, and for an hour before supper there were neighborhood visits, gossip, and good cheer.

Annetje loved to listen to the conversation of her mother's friends at these afternoon visits. Their knitting needles clicked busily as they talked, and the little girl, who had her own knitting, tried to pretend that she too was a housemother, and could knit as fast as they. To-day they were talking about her Cousin Maddaleen, who was soon to be married. Such a chest of linen! and such

fine petticoats and caps ! She was a lucky maiden, they all agreed, to have so much done for her. There was a beautiful cupboard, too, with a whole set of pewter plates, on the way from Holland, sent by her grandfather who was burgomaster, and had many guilders.

Annetje looked from one to another of the visitors. She tried to decide whether she liked better the green petticoat Vrouw Wessell was wearing, or the scarlet one her own mother had put on that day for the first time. She wished that St. Nicholas would bring her a pair of silver buckles for her shoes like those that Vrouw Petersen wore, or a silver chain to hang from her girdle, holding her little round pincushion and her scissors. Then she found herself singing under her breath, as her needles clicked, the song of Dutch children :

“ Saint Nicholas, my dear, good friend,
To serve you ever was my end ;
If you me something now will give,
Serve you I will while I shall live.”

Nearly two months had passed by before the day of St. Nicholas came. Then the little Dutch children hung up their stockings at night just as many little children do to-day.

Jan and Annetje hung theirs by the fireplace where the jolly saint would come down, and they begged their mother to cover the fire deep with ashes lest the chimney should be too hot for the good man.



Warming Pan

Then they trotted off to bed ; the night was cold, and the children crept shivering beneath the blankets. But the good mother had been before them with the warming pan, and now she laid over them the soft warm feather bed that would keep them snug and warm. And so they slept till Christmas morning.

On Christmas Day the parlor was opened, and a fire built in the tiled fireplace. The

parlor was the dearest possession of the Dutch housewife, and the children felt far less at home there than in the roomy kitchen. But they loved to look at the pictures on the blue and white tiles around the fireplace. Every picture illustrated a Bible story. There was Joseph among his brethren; above were Jonah and the whale; on the other side, Noah, with the ark and a long procession of animals.

The children looked long at every one, and gazed with awe at the great four-post bed of which their mother was so proud. Here were the softest of the feather beds, and the finest of the homespun linen. Jan sometimes had a wicked desire to jump into the very middle of its soft whiteness, but it would have been a very brave as well as a very bad little Dutch boy who would have dared that particular form of evil-doing.

To-day, as many times before, the children were glad to run back to the kitchen chimney corner, to play with the toys they had found that morning in their stockings. Their father

had gone early with the young men to the Common beyond the Land Gate for the "turkey shoot." There every Christmas morning a row of fat turkeys was hung on a high pole, and the young men used them for targets. The winners carried the turkeys home for dinner, amid the shouts and laughter of their friends.

Christmas was a merry day in New Amsterdam; there were bowling games, and a fine dinner in every kitchen, and a dance in the evening for the young folks, at the governor's house. Annetje heard all about that next day from Cousin Maddaleen, who had been there. The house was gayly lighted with many candles, and at the head of the great hall stood the governor and his goodwife to receive the guests and watch the dancing.

The governor wore his coat of blue velvet with the silver buttons, darker blue breeches, and a huge silver buckle on his one low shoe. The silver bands on his wooden leg seemed quite in keeping with the rest of his costume.

His lady was gayer still in petticoats of stiff scarlet silk, with a blue waist and head-dress. And the guests were like a very rainbow for color.

The dancing went on till very late, Cousin Maddaleen said. It was after ten, surely, before the candles in the big house went out.

Until after New Year's the townspeople went on making holiday, and it was very gay. Jan cared more, however, for the coasting and skating of the winter time than for other merrymaking. All day he would go trudging up and flying down the nearest hill, coming in as rosy as the winter apples stored in his mother's cellar.

Annetje loved the springtime better than the winter. Then everybody sat on the porch or "stoop" in the afternoon, and the street was gay with gossip and laughter. Annetje would hasten with her spinning and other indoor work, so that she might take her knitting to the stoop early and watch the lively scene. Then when the knitting was

done she would run about with other little girls and boys, playing games and having the merriest kind of time.

There was much gossip during the winter and spring about the English settlements on either side of the Dutch colony. Annetje heard her father talking with his neighbors as they smoked their pipes together. The Connecticut towns claimed land across the continent to the Pacific Ocean, she heard one of the men say. And when another asked, "Where then does New Netherland come in?" the first could only shrug his shoulders and offer the opinion that Englishmen cared little whether or not it came in at all.

Then there was trouble on Long Island, where many English had settled in the eastern towns. The governor was more than ever worried. He had asked the government in Holland to send him soldiers and supplies. "Without them," he said, "it is wholly out of our power to keep the sinking ship afloat any longer."



“Annetje heard her father talking with his neighbors as they smoked their pipes together.”

There was really reason for worry, if the governor had known all that was going on. King Charles of England had determined to have the island of Manhattan and the Dutch colony for his own. If England and Holland were at war, he might attack and conquer it. They were at peace. But what of that, thought King Charles. He would conquer it anyway. If the Dutch wanted to go to war about it, let them do so. So he very quietly made his preparations, and soon a fleet of warships was on its way across the Atlantic.

Stuyvesant had few men and fewer guns with which to resist attack, and worse than that, many of the honest burghers of New Amsterdam were tired of "headstrong Peter" and his fiery temper, so that they cared little whether he and the government behind him could hold the town or not.

It was in April that the fleet left England, but no one seemed to know just where the vessels were going. Stuyvesant was uneasy, but when the fleet entered Boston harbor

and lingered there a month, he was relieved. One day late in August, however, the English ships quietly appeared in the harbor at New Amsterdam. The old governor's fears had at last come true.

Peter the Headstrong was also Peter the Brave; and he had never a thought of giving up the town even to more than twice the number of men he could muster, and six times as many guns. He prepared to fight.

Colonel Nicolls, commander of the fleet, brought his vessels to anchor, and sent a message to Stuyvesant, demanding the surrender of the town. Stuyvesant refused, and Colonel Nicolls replied that he must then fire upon the Dutch.

The people of New Amsterdam were filled with fear. Many of the burghers called upon the governor to give up, since he could never hope to win in fight. But Peter the Headstrong was never truer to the name than on this occasion. He stamped up and down, growing angrier every minute.

A letter was brought in from the English fleet. Colonel Nicolls offered kindness and protection to every Dutchman in the colony. He might live unmolested, and pursue his trade with Holland undisturbed.

The governor read the letter aloud to the group of men in the room. More than ever they counselled surrender. But Peter would not ! They asked to have the letter read to the crowd already gathered in the street outside. But that also Peter would not ! and to make sure he tore the letter into fragments and threw them on the floor !

At this news the people outside were angry in their turn, and there were hisses and threats from the street below. The governor, choking with rage, stumped into an inner room, slamming the door ; while his nephew Nicholas picked up the scattered scraps of paper, pieced together the letter, and read it to the excited people.

For once Peter the Headstrong was not to have his way. The people had their way,

and the stern old governor sadly saw the English soldiers land, and fly the English flag where the Dutch banner had floated for more than fifty years.

“I would rather be carried to my grave,” he said. But it is pleasant to know that, once his anger had cooled and his sorrow had been healed by time, he lived happily for nearly twenty years on his “bowerie” or farm beyond the town. And more than that, Colonel Nicolls, who had compelled his surrender and who became the first English governor of the colony, became also Stuyvesant’s valued friend. Many a good dinner did they enjoy together, and many a pipe did they smoke in the garden of the bowerie house, as the years went on.

The New Amsterdam of early days has become the great city we call New York. Annetje’s great, great, great, great grandchildren may be living there to-day. If they are they call themselves Americans, yet they point with pride to their Dutch ancestors of

long ago. Turn where we will in the great city, we find Dutch names and reminders of the early times. The Dutch rule was short, but long enough to leave traces on country and people that have lasted until now.

Thrifty, happy, prosperous Dutchmen ! you make a bright and pleasant picture in the midst of the early New World wilderness ! We welcome you among the founders of our land.

SEEDS OF LIBERTY

BEFORE the middle of the seventeenth century the colony founded at Jamestown in Virginia had passed its harder days, and was growing rich and strong. Broad tobacco fields extended back along the rivers, and by 1650 there were twenty thousand people in the colony.

Almost from the beginning, the Virginians had been allowed a part in making their laws. Their House of Burgesses was made up of men elected by the people to represent them as lawmakers; and many times these representatives forced the governors sent from England to respect the rights of the people.

A little before the middle of the century, when the colony was thirty-five years old, Sir William Berkeley was sent out from England to be the "royal governor" of Virginia. At that time he was a man of early middle

age, with fine education, rich garments, and courtly manners. He lived in luxury at Green Spring, his large estate near Jamestown. Here were his stables of fine horses, more than seventy in number. Here were scores of servants, and all the accompaniments of fine living. Here in the stately dining room were served splendid dinners to many guests. There were gay entertainments of all sorts. It was like a little royal court.

The people of Virginia enjoyed all this fine show. It made their life, so lately hard and joyless, pleasant and like the life in England, which they still called "home." But the time came when they were not always pleased with Governor Berkeley after all. Though his manners were courtly, his heart sometimes seemed hard.

The king who had sent Berkeley to Virginia was soon in the midst of a great struggle for his throne. Thousands of his people went to war against him, and after years of fighting he was captured and put to death. Then

the victorious party resolved that England should have no more kings.

The king's friends, who were called Cavaliers, were many of them afraid to stay in England among their enemies, and hundreds of them sailed across the sea to Virginia. Here they found Berkeley, a king's man himself, and the people, who had loved King Charles, glad to welcome them, and they added much to the strength of the colony.

For eleven years the resolution to have no king was kept, and during that time Governor Berkeley was deprived of his power. But in 1660 the dead king's son was joyfully welcomed by his followers to the throne of England. And Sir William Berkeley became royal governor once more.

Berkeley was growing old. His sympathy for the people and his respect for their rights grew less and less with his advancing years. He drove away from the colony all whose religion was unlike that of the Church of England. He took away the right of voting

from men who owned no property in the colony. He was harsh in carrying out the laws made in England to regulate trade.

The people grew restless and resentful of the governor's acts. They looked forward to electing new members for the House of Burgesses, who would vote against the laws they believed unjust. But the shrewd old governor was quite satisfied to keep the House of Burgesses as it was, and he would allow no election. For sixteen years the patience of the people was tried in this way, and the old governor grew more and more of a tyrant every year.

With all their other troubles the people of the farther plantations were suffering from Indian raids. Every now and then some dreadful story of murder and scalping would startle the quiet planters. The smoke of burning buildings would tell of some lonely plantation attacked and its people scattered or destroyed. The settlers grew more and more fearful. They asked the governor to

allow them to form a company to go out and seek the red men, and fight for the defense of the colony.

Berkeley would not give them the permission they asked. Instead he put them off



“The people of the farther plantations were suffering from Indian raids.”

with vague promises, and tried to make the people believe that building forts at Jamestown would protect the scattered plantations of the back counties.

People openly accused Berkeley of fearing

to destroy his fur trade with the Indians if he sent a force against them. He cared little for the lives of the people, they said, and much for his own profits. They talked also of the other wrongs Berkeley had made them suffer. Between his tyranny and the trade laws made in England, the Virginians felt that they had almost more than they could bear.

Among the discontented planters none was more outspoken than young Nathaniel Bacon. He was one of the prominent men of the colony, popular with neighboring planters, and himself a resident of an outlying and exposed district. With danger at his very door, Bacon urged upon the people the need of action, and loudly berated the governor.

At length, irritated beyond endurance, the men of the back counties took matters into their own hands, and asked Bacon to lead them, whether the governor agreed or not. Bacon accepted the command they offered him, declaring that upon the very next outrage they would march, "commission or no commission."

Almost immediately the "next outrage" occurred, on Bacon's own plantation, where two men were murdered by prowling savages. Swiftly the news spread, and from every side galloping horses brought determined men at Bacon's call. Soon five hundred had gathered, awaiting only the word to go forth upon their errand of vengeance.

One last effort was made to gain the governor's consent; and the eager company waited day after day for his reply to Bacon's request. No answer came. Then it was decided to take up the march; and on the eve of departure Bacon stood before the men and in a stirring speech reviewed the grievances the people had endured.

He spoke of Virginia's trade, once mighty, now dying, — almost dead; of the tobacco fields, which there was no longer any profit in planting, since the people were prevented from selling what they raised. He spoke of the heavy taxes, lately increased for the building of the river forts; of the law for-

bidding men without estates to vote; and of the sixteen years which had passed since the people had been allowed to elect new members for the House of Burgesses. And now, he went on, the people must not even protect themselves against the cruel horrors of savage hate. Nor would the governor protect them, — they must sit down, it would seem, meekly awaiting the tomahawk and scalping knife. Were Virginians slaves, he asked, that they should be treated thus? And we can hear the deep-throated shouts of “No! No!” coming back from the crowd before him.

Then the march was begun, and news soon found its way to Berkeley that Bacon had indeed taken the matter into his own hands, “commission or no commission.” The governor was furiously angry. He proclaimed Bacon a rebel, a traitor, and more than that he hastily summoned a few companies of militia, marching away with them to arrest Bacon and to scatter his force.

Scarcely, however, had the governor turned

his back upon Jamestown, when he heard that the people all about the town and countryside were rising to demand their rights. Indeed Virginia seemed suddenly peopled with rebels and traitors of the same sort as Bacon. The governor could only return to this new problem; and returning, he found only one way to settle it, — to give in at once to the demand for a new House of Burgesses. This he therefore did.

Bacon had meanwhile been at his work in the forests against the savages. He now returned, to find himself elected by the people of his county to represent them in the House of Burgesses.

Again the governor was angry, almost beyond words. The man whom he had publicly proclaimed rebel and traitor, — to take a place among the lawmakers of the colony! But Berkeley hardly dared anger the people too far; so he pretended to forgive Bacon, after he had made the young man kneel before him in the House of Bur-

gesses, and ask for pardon. The pretended forgiveness, however, covered Berkeley's real purpose to seize Bacon on the old charge of rebellion.

Learning this, Bacon fled at night, and soon gathered his men once more. This time they marched, not to the forests, but straight to Jamestown. Here they halted on the Statehouse green, and Bacon sent word to Berkeley that he had come for his commission.

Then the rage which had filled the governor's breast so long reached its climax. Rushing out from the Statehouse, he appeared before the men drawn up in silent ranks upon the green. "Here," he shouted, tearing open his ruffled shirt and baring his breast, "Here, shoot me! 'fore God, a fair mark! shoot!"

"No," said Bacon, quietly but firmly, "No, your Honor, we will not hurt a hair of your head, nor of any other man's. We are come for a commission to save our lives from the Indians, and now we will have it before we go!"

Gladly would Berkeley have fought to maintain his rights, or what he believed to be his rights. But he could find scarcely a handful of men who would stand with him against the demand of Bacon's army, encamped within the town. The House of Burgesses, the Governor's Council, the militia, the townspeople, all followed Bacon. Sadly against his will, Berkeley signed the much-demanded commission. Nor did he interfere with the new laws which were now passed by the House of Burgesses. These laws have often been called "Bacon's laws," and were all directed toward righting the wrongs the people had suffered.

Bacon, now a general by virtue of his hard-won commission, turned again to the forest. And Berkeley, relieved of his presence in the town, hastened to take back every privilege he had granted, to declare Bacon once more a traitor, and to set a price upon his head.

Again Bacon turned back, and this time the governor fled, leaving Bacon to quiet posses-

sion of the town. But no sooner had Bacon once more set out on the long-deferred Indian campaign than Berkeley returned with all the followers he could gather, and began to fortify the town.

It was not long, however, before news was brought of Bacon's approach. This time he had reached the Indian haunts, fought the battle of Bloody Run, and won a victory. Now he returned to fight for liberty as he had fought for safety. And again he was victorious, driving the governor and his party from the town. By Bacon's orders, every building was set on fire, and the whole town destroyed. One can hardly see why this was necessary, when victory was already won without it.

At last it seemed that the Virginians had liberty almost within their grasp. But, as so often happens, the unexpected happened, and turned the tide of success to failure. For just when his followers could spare him least, Bacon fell ill and died. And with no

leader who seemed able to fill his place, the liberty seekers of Virginia fell apart, the governor returned, seized his scattered powers, and proceeded to revenge himself for the humiliations he had borne.

More than twenty of Bacon's men were hanged. We are told that when William Drummond, one of Bacon's closest friends, was brought before the governor, Berkeley showed his cruel triumph in the sneering comment, "Mr. Drummond, you are very welcome! I am more glad to see you than any man in Virginia! Mr. Drummond, you shall be hanged in half an hour!"

The property of many men who had favored Bacon was taken from them by the vindictive old man, who thus enriched himself while making his enemies suffer.

And so Berkeley had his revenge. But he had little comfort in Virginia after these days. He was hated for his cruelty, and even the king he had thought to please, said of him, "The old fool has put to death more

people in that naked country than I did here for the death of my father."

Summoned to England, Berkeley set sail, with only hatred and contempt left behind him in Virginia. The people fired cannon and lighted bonfires to show their joy at his departure.

Perhaps it would seem that Bacon's rebellion gained little for the liberty seekers of the colony. It is true that most of what had been gained was speedily lost again. But the people of Virginia did not forget that they had once dared resist oppression and fight for liberty.

The story I have told you is only one of many which all show us how the English-speaking people of America loved freedom, and hated those who would take away the rights that they, as Englishmen, had always claimed. These men, and others like them, were sowing the seeds of liberty which were to blossom a century later into independence and the making of a new nation in the New World.

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